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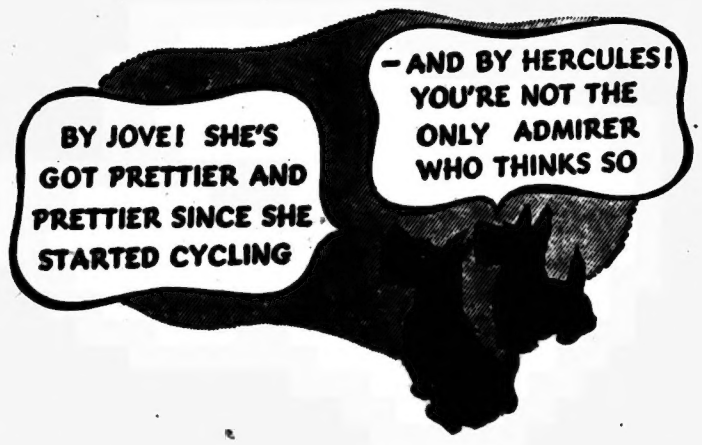
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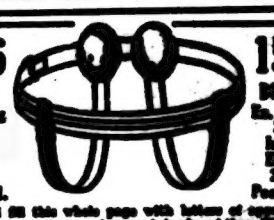

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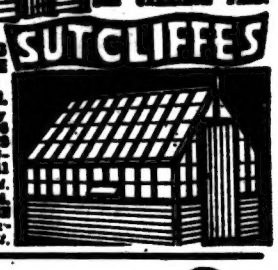

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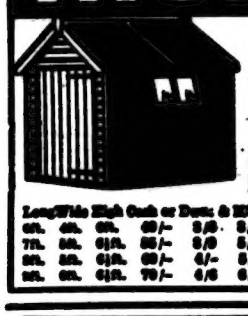

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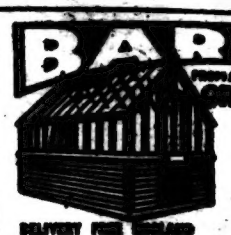

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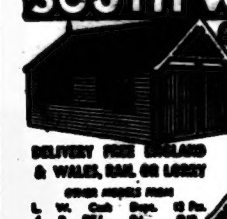

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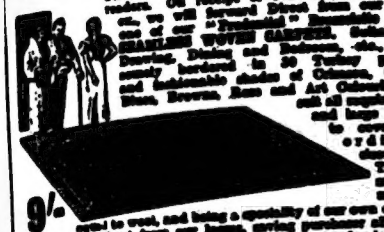

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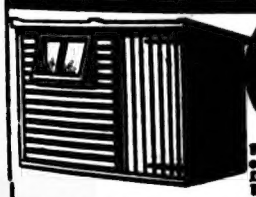

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In the most unexpected places

Illustrated below — Watendlath, a beautiful hamlet near Keswick. "Player's" can be purchased at this old house which is reputed to be the home of Judith Paris, the heroine in Sir Hugh Walpole's novel of that name

Numerous letters from smokers tell of pleasure in finding their favourite "Player's" on sale here, there and everywhere . . . . in the most unexpected places . . . . The vast demand which makes this possible also ensures their unfailing freshness, and is proof supplied by smokers themselves that there is no better Cigarette at 10 for 6d.

Remember also, whatever your taste, you can please yourself by choosing "Medium" or "Mild" blends—Cork-tipped or Plain.

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MEDIUM OR MILD

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A BRITISH INSTITUTION

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Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.
THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Holidays with Pay—if Bosses say Yes
They Work for Bread-line Wages
Fight this Twopenny Tyranny

WE do not share the whoops of glee at the Holidays-with-Pay report.

Of course, we want paid holidays to be made part of the law of the land. Indeed, we were the first to demand this essential reform.

But we know that even a week's paid holiday—such as the official committee recommends—is still a long way off for millions of workers.

Too Much Trust

Why? Because the Government is going to trust to *voluntary agreements* to secure this essential reform.

Employers who plead that they can't afford to pay their workers' wages during the week's holiday are not going to be forced to give way.

Not a bit of it! They are to be given three years' grace before their knuckles are rapped.

Take Courage

If the Government is convinced that every worker deserves a yearly break—with pay—then the Government should have the courage to give its convictions the force of law in less than three years.

Industries which are genuinely too poor to afford paid holidays must be reorganised.

No Latitude

There should be no latitude allowed to the trades which can afford it but won't.

And, anyway, a *fortnight* should take the place of that miserable week. Until that is made a law which none can ignore we shall continue our long campaign on behalf of the millions of families who need rest and sunshine.

Courting Italy

Nor can we respect our rulers' fumbling in the realms of international affairs.

The Government boasts of its agreements with Italy and with Eire. What about that trade pact with the United States? Next to the unity of our Empire, nothing matters more to us than America's friendship.

End this Suspicion

At this very moment a British mission is negotiating for American aeroplanes to help out our defence programme. American suspicions, created by Mr. Chamberlain's flirting with dictators, must be dispelled.

Our reconciliation with Eire should please Irish-Americans. But more must be done. Conclude the trade pact!

Fight that 2d.!

Some time ago it seemed as though the Government would try, on the strength of its international agreements, to rush an election this year.

This doesn't look so likely after Sir John Simon's grim Budget. That extra 2d. on tea was a wicked impost. Fight it all you can! Perhaps by piling on the taxes this year Sir John thought he could go easy next—just before the election.

Poor Man's Beef

Sir John Simon hopes to go on getting a fat revenue this year from the duties on Argentine beef, the poor man's joint.

These duties are popular in Australia, because their beef escapes them.

Australia has a Government as well as a Test team, and some of its Ministers are on tour, too. Among other things, they have come to talk emigration with the British Government.

Stranded Exiles

JOHN BULL does not object to emigration as such. But we do object to what emigration has sometimes meant in the past.

We object to uprooting unemployed men from their homes, where they had at least some kind of benefit and some chance of one day finding a job, only to strand them in a strange land, without hope, friends or sustenance.

Man-Power

However, emigration on the grand scale is finished. Tory die-hards who think otherwise are living in the past, where they are most at home.

Thanks to the declining birth-rate, all European countries—even Britain—are pondering how to increase, not diminish, their populations.

War plans, problems of man-power, started them thinking. But it was a question that clamoured for study, anyhow.

The survival of Western civilisation is at stake.

Two Reports

Perhaps you don't think civilisation is worth preserving.

Consider two documents published recently on the same day.

One, the Ministry of Labour's annual report, oozed with complacency about the condition of Britain's workers, in or out of work.

The other was its answer: Liverpool University's report on Unemployment Assistance in Liverpool.

Bread-line Wages

This document not only showed how vast is the unemployment, particularly among young married men, in the great port.

It also revealed that, even if these young fathers of families were in work, their wages would be less than the bare subsistence provided by the Unemployment Assistance Board.

No cause for complacency here, Mr. Ernest Brown!

Don't Sit Back

The University investigators think that these unfortunate men should be trained for better jobs.

But here four authorities meddle, and produce only muddle. Ministry of Labour, Public Assistance Committee, Occupational Centres Committee and Education Committee all have a share, and none has full responsibility.

No cause for complacency there, Mr. Brown!

Plight of the Ports

Thanks to the University report, Liverpool's plight has been given publicity. But what about our other big ports and industrial centres? Stop puffing out your chest, Mr. Brown. Hoist your slacks and get busy!

Unwanted Jobs

The same Ministry of Labour report showed that more and more foreign servant girls, mostly German and Austrian, are coming into Britain.

Yet Mr. Brown can't fill his training schools for British domestics. There are plenty of jobs, but British girls, it seems, don't want them.

Slaveys

Who can blame the girls? Who wouldn't rather have a factory job with regular hours and defined work than submit to a life that is often little more than slavery?

The new trade union for Mary Jane may teach Mr. Brown a thing or two.

Air Raid Risks

Hard though life may sometimes be, most of us cling to it all the same.

That's why we welcomed the Government's decisions to store food supplies and speed up air raid precautions.

Both decisions were long overdue. Even now, the Bill to compensate public utilities for special anti-air raid expenditure is still held up.

Still Talking

This is particularly disquieting. One of the first objects of an enemy would be to put our vital services—gas, electricity, water, transport—out of action.

Yet the measures for protecting these services are still in the talking stage. If the Bill is not passed this session, it will have to wait till November at the earliest.

Hurry up, Sir Samuel Hoare!

Share these Losses

In keeping with the Government's lethargic handling of A.R.P. is its failure to guarantee compensation to owners of small houses destroyed by air raids.

This is of vital moment to the thousands whose life savings are invested in their homes. Losses of this kind should be shared by the community.

Curbing Landlords

While the small house-owner awaits protection against air raids, the small leaseholder may get protection against harsh landlords

Time permitting, the Commons will consider next week a Bill to prevent landlords abusing their rights under covenants to repair.

Repair Robbery

At present, a landlord can put in outrageous demands for repairs, and, if the tenant does not comply, take steps to get back the property, scrap the lease or obtain damages.

Under the Bill, these steps would be barred, in the ordinary way, whenever the lease had five years or more to run.

Make Time

The Bill does not go nearly as far as it might. But it ought to be passed. If it is crowded out next week, time should be found for it.

Price of Life

Tucked away in a document just tabled in Parliament by the Home Secretary is the information that 18 out of every 100 employers in the principal industries still refuse to insure their workers under the Compensation Acts.

There should, of course, be compulsory—and State—insurance.

And melancholy, too, is the further information that the average amount of compensation paid in cases of industrial death is only £289.

They Pay in Vain

Why is every worker not tested for eligibility to unemployment insurance before his or her contributions are accepted?

Great numbers (and their employers) pay for years—only to be told when thrown out of work that technical reasons have been found to refuse them benefit.

Ministry of Labour admits 29,000 cases of the kind last year.

No Harvest for Profiteers!

There must be no food profiteering in another war.

The report of the Food (Defence Plans) Department recognises that profits must be limited.

Yes—but when and to what figure?

In the last war there was no control at all till prices had risen 84 per cent.!

No thorough control of essential foodstuffs till prices had doubled!

Uncontrolled foodstuffs soared to three and a half times their pre-war level!

Think of the millions that profiteers must have made out of the nation's need.

If war comes again, the price and profit-margin of every foodstuff must be rigorously limited from the first day.

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We want to know . . . !
What you are thinking about.
Interesting things you've seen.
Interesting things you've done.
So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

A. G. Gardiner ..... *Page* 13
Sir Wyndham Childs *Page* 15
True Story ..... *Page* 26
Greatest of These— .. *Page* 30
Human Documents .. *Page* 32

BOOM! Whee-ee-ee! There goes a £750 shell from H.M.S. *Rodney*. Or so we're told.

But I'd like to know how you make a £750 shell from the following ingredients:

Scrap iron, steel, brass, copper	£1	4	9
Glass			3
Cordite		6	0
Nitro-glycerine		1	0
Trinitrotoluene		2	6
Fulminate of mercury ..			9
Total ..	£1	15	3

—Leslie Marshall, 58, Pernau Street, Belfast.

See page 7 for what we think of munition profits. Still, we fancy you'll never be able to buy houses at the cost of the unbaked clay, etc.

Franco's Brother

Is General Franco, who bombed three British ships on April 25, the former Major Franco who was rescued from a sinking seaplane in the Atlantic in June, 1929, by British sailors?

I ask because I am interested in the subject of gratitude.—George F. North, 2, Crescent Road, London, N.15.

No. Major Franco, airman and Communist leader, man who refused to meet Mussolini, is General Franco's brother. General Franco was once Spain's youngest general—at thirty-two. Has never been scratched in battle. His biggest campaign, till his present revolution, was a brutally bloody attack on Spanish miners in 1934. Miners were decimated for wanting better conditions.

Small Enough

Into my smithy a seven-year-old boy brought his Shetland pony the other day. He wanted it shod.

"And, blacksmith," he told me, "I don't want my pony making any smaller!"—Andrew Mackie, Newtown Smithy, Kirkcaldy.

Nasty!

My lad brings some pretty horrible American literature to the house, all sold to him without restraint at local shops for a few coppers.

But when he arrived the other day with a lurid, imported magazine dealing with horrible tortures inflicted on young girls with alluring bodies, I thought it time to ask JOHN BULL: Should it be tolerated?—C. M., 3, William Street, West Gorton, Manchester.

Leicester Council has had many thousands of these American magazines destroyed, many containing pictures of victims of particularly gruesome murders. Although normal British taste doesn't incline to the namby-pamby, it is outraged by such importations.

Trying it On

I needed a strong magnifying glass to find the word "foreign" on articles I bought the other day. Surely there should be some stipulation as to the size of the print?—William Walker, 4, Rosebank Street, Belfast.

Board of Trade says indication of origin should be marked conspicuously, but that it isn't easy to define what is meant by conspicuously. For instance, words "Swiss Made" must necessarily be tiny on a watch made for a ring or cigarette-lighter. Nevertheless, we feel sure many foreign manufacturers are trying it on.

Fifty Years After

A mile or so from the new Glasgow Exhibition, and on the eve of its opening, I saw the glint of pottery in a ploughed field. It proves to be the official souvenir of the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888. The soil has just yielded it up in time.—R. Pattison, 37, Meikle Earnock Road, Hamilton, Lanarkshire.

Will reader Pattison send his find to Mr. Alistair Borthwick, Exhibition, Glasgow? He will have pleasure of seeing his souvenir put on show.

War Office Is Sorry

Who heard the official broadcast appeal for Territorial recruits the other day? Did they notice, as I did, that would-be "Terriers" were asked to send away for details, enclosing stamped address envelope for a reply?

What awful cheeseparing! A man wants to serve his country, but has to pay the State to supply him with details!—Miss Freda Downs, 67, Hough Lane, Wombwell.

War Office wants "John Bull" to tell readers it is awfully sorry about this. It wanted people to enclose addressed envelopes because many people write so badly, but didn't mean to stipulate they should be stamped. It is all a bad mistake, War Office says, adding that you needn't bother about that stamp after all.

One-Man Traffic

My father, a regular traveller from Westcombe Park to Earlsfield, has been given every ticket between those two stations from No. 1 to No. 648—surely a record of records.—R. V. Brier, 96, Murillo Road, London, S.E.13.

No wonder. Southern Railway says there is only one regular traveller between those two stations, who must be reader Brier's father. Journey is an unusually difficult cross-country one. Local station-master has ordered 1,000 tickets, of which this passenger will get every one unless somebody else makes one journey to thwart him.

Taken to Task

I don't often do so, but I must disagree with JOHN BULL's attitude on divorce expressed in a recent Open Letter.

I can't imagine anyone who married for love wanting to divorce the subject of that love because he or she has to go to a mental home. How horrible to think of them being told in a sane moment. What a nightmare to think of them incarcerated for life—bereft of their *mate*.—Officer of s.s. *Lulworth*, Dagenham Dock, Essex.

Divorce or no divorce—there's tragedy either way. One can only weigh one tragedy against another. And, in our view, that was done honestly, feelingly and sympathetically in the framing and consideration of Mr. A. P. Herbert's Marriage Bill.

Wants 5s. Passports

Are we really anxious to create international understanding? Then why not 5s. one-year passports?

The majority of people to whom the remarkably cheap terms of the tourist agencies would appeal have no use for five-year passports.—George R. Ellmore, 8, Duburstow Terrace, Bishop's Road, Hanwell, London, W.7.

Majority of passport holders, it has been found, have one or two trips abroad in five years for their 15s. passport fees. On other hand, are the people who cruise in summer, and winter abroad afterwards for five years, at same passport cost?

Careers' Masters

Every school should have a careers' master, to ensure that all boys and girls starting out in life shall be conversant with the various avenues of life, the earnings, prospects, qualifications necessary, and so on.

That way we shall find square pegs for square holes.—J. Towney, 21, St. Michael's Road, Coventry.

Many schools have them. National Union of Teachers says a careers' master or mistress has to know the scholars, what they are cut out for and what conditions in the various industries, etc., will be some years ahead. It is no easy job—but some teachers are mastering it, and results are splendid so far.

The Thinking Habit

Which are the best hours for *thinking*?

I have to do intricate technical work, and find the hours of 5.30 a.m. to 9 a.m. are the best for the purpose.—R. A. Martinez, 23, St. John's Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Hours when you rise refreshed by sleep should be best, but habit plays an important part. The man who has started work at 10 a.m. for thirty years will continue to find 10 a.m. onwards his best thinking hours.

THEY put a little boy of eight into the hospital bed next to mine.

He had fallen on the spiked railings at his school. He was terribly injured and needed an immediate operation.

On my discharge I went along to look at the school—a brand-new £45,000 building.

I felt sick—sick at the brainlessness of people who claim the right to teach. Sick to see those hideous steel spikes.—R. Gare, 8, Highfield Road, Hindley, near Wigan.

Read about schools without boundaries of any sort on page 34. Particularly if you belong to an education committee.

Resourceful

My six-year-old nephew has just been to the local children's playing ground with strict instructions not to wear out the seat of his trousers on the chute.

Obedient child! He came home with the front of his suit worn to shreds. "I've had a hundred goes," he said. "But I haven't worn out my trousers' seat, I came down on my stummick."—C. E. Boorman, 88, York Avenue, Hayes, Middlesex.

We know of one chute that was presented to the town by a tailor. His motives, however, were not what you'd imagine.

Cabbages and Kings Section

Cabbages

This is a tall story—but a true one. It is the story of a skyscraper cabbage, just 10 ft. tall.

I have to use a step-ladder to examine the top of it.—H. Cotton, 9, Ramsey Road, St. Ives, Hunts.

Kings

We have better-looking kings at last—in the new five-suit playing-cards. They are quite handsome, in fact, compared with the frowning, bullying, overfat-looking kings of the four-suit packs.

But our own Chancellor of the Exchequer will be happiest about these new cards. He is collecting an extra threepence on them—double duty. The extra suit counts as an additional pack of cards.—G. Edwards, 51, Baxter Avenue, Southend-on-Sea.

Cigarette Paper

Having done a sum, I put this question to some friends: "If you get a cigarette paper one-thousandth of an inch thick and fold it fifty times, what will be the thickness?

Their estimates varied between half an inch and four inches. It is actually fifteen million miles.—H. Bristow, 107, Claverdale Road, Tulse Hill, London, S.W.2.

Cynicism

A cynical friend tells me that a woman wears her wedding-ring on the left hand because the left hand is subordinated to the right. It marks her complete subordination to her husband.

But a little bit of research makes it quite clear to me that it follows a Greek custom: is based on the ancient Greek belief that a vein runs direct from that finger to the heart.—L. B. Pagot, 173, Cathedral Road, Cardiff.

Countrymen

As an East Anglian, I always want to burst when I hear the phrase "Silly Suffolk."

The word Seer means Wise. Suffolk folk came to be called "Seer'ly" because of their hard-headed, practical qualities. Then it became "Silly Suffolk."

It's about time people woke to the fact that the phrase is meant as a tribute.—A. E. W., Bramblewood Close, Carshalton, Surrey.

Coincidence

Three successive stationmasters of a Yorkshire station were Messrs. Skell, Mann and Thorpe. Mr. Mann was my grandfather.

The name of the station is Skelmanthorpe. — George Hinchcliffe, Wiggins Lane, Holmeswood, Rufford, Ormskirk.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Stop the Arms Profiteers!

WIDESPREAD anger has been roused among the taxpayers.

They believe they have been tricked and betrayed over the promise that rearmament would be carried out without private profiteering.

Government spokesmen find themselves helplessly embarrassed on every platform—particularly in industrial regions—by the pointed questions put to them, and their inability to give any kind of real answer.

Chiefs of the Tory Party cannot help their propagandists because they, too, are in a dilemma. The Cabinet refuses either to give information or to take any action in the matter.

Opposition speakers declare they have never known such passionate cheering as when the subject is referred to at public meetings.

Every balance-sheet of the big armament companies for the past year reveals enormous increases in profits.

Never before have they risen on such a scale.

Accounts issued by 30 iron and steel firms with big armament interests show that their profits have swollen from £3,803,040 in 1934 (before rearmament began) to £11,747,074 last year—an increase of 209 per cent.!

This is known in the city of London to be an accurate index to what has been happening all round. Not only with the leading manufacturers, but also with the vast number of smaller and subsidiary firms sharing the harvest.

Moreover, the figures tell only part of the truth.

The rate of profit-making has been much steeper since they were compiled.

☆

And, even more important, the armament producers, however lavish their dividend and bonus distributions, have learned how to hide the full extent of their profits.

Numerous devices are being adopted to minimise them by putting larger and larger sums to depreciation and reserves of one kind or another.

One fact is startlingly clear from every balance-sheet.

It is that, despite the solemn undertaking given to taxpayers, no effective restriction whatever has been imposed on armament profits.

On Government platforms great play is being made with the statement that the earnings of the armament firms are now subject to the National Defence Contribution, imposed by the Budget of twelve months ago.

No one should be misled by that argument. It is only another deception. The profits revealed are the profits after the N.D.C. has been paid.

Fifty Members of Parliament have tried since the beginning of this year to obtain from the responsible Ministers a definite statement as to the measure of the Government's limitation of armament profits, or as to what is regarded by the Cabinet as a fair profit.

They have run their heads against a stone wall. Every question has been parried.

Not the smallest piece of information has been extracted. Appeal has been made to Mr. Chamberlain to allay public uneasiness by issuing a White Paper stating the exact methods, if any, used by the Government to prevent excessive arms profits.

The Prime Minister refuses to comply with this very fair request.

M.P.s for industrial areas, who are well aware of what is going on, openly declare that there is a tremendous amount of fraud and swindling.

They are prepared to name firms who are being allowed to amass wealth quickly because the Government is either impotent or acquiescent.

Their accusations are merely ignored.

There can be no possible excuse for Ministers not stating what should be the price of any and every article produced for armament purposes, and comparing it with the actual price being charged.

☆

For every part of an aeroplane, every part of a gun, every part of a large or small shell, there is a basic price.

It is nonsense to suggest that comparisons of the kind asked for cannot be made.

And the end is not yet.

Profits have been piled higher and higher by the firms entrusted to supply the country with air power.

But there has been general default on the part of the aircraft industry to meet the nation's needs.

What can be thought of the visit of the official British mission to America for the ostensible purpose of buying foreign-made warplanes to bring the R.A.F. to reasonable strength?

The United States, it is hoped, will supply this country with about fourteen machines a week for a year.

Can it be said that the vast industrial capacity of Britain is not equal to that small measure of extra output?

No. Aeroplanes have not been forthcoming in the required numbers simply because certain people have been forcing a crisis to earn still bigger profits.

Basest of all the innuendoes made to explain away this failure has been the one that there is shortage of labour.

That is falsehood.

The trade unions, which have investigated the position, can undertake to provide all the skilled and semi-skilled labour necessary to put the aircraft industry into full production.

This has not been achieved because the policy of the profit-makers is to retard production—until the Government provides a new opportunity for speculation.

Financiers expect that the search abroad for military aeroplanes will only pave the way for still another outburst of armament company promotion.

Just long enough has elapsed, it is thought, for the public to have forgotten how, during the last aircraft boom, small investors lost more than £1,500,000 (or 40 per cent. of their money) in a series of new flotations.

☆

Almost every company then formed—quite apart from extensions of existing companies—has so far failed to live up to its prospectus promises.

Fully 70 per cent. of the money raised from the public went directly in profits to promoters and Stock Exchange brokers.

Less than one-twelfth of it was devoted to financing the building of new factories or extensions of plant.

An attempt will soon be made to repeat this scandal.

It will "coincide" with an announcement by the Government that there will be home production of a vast new fleet of warplanes to bring the strength of the R.A.F. up to nearly 10,000 machines.

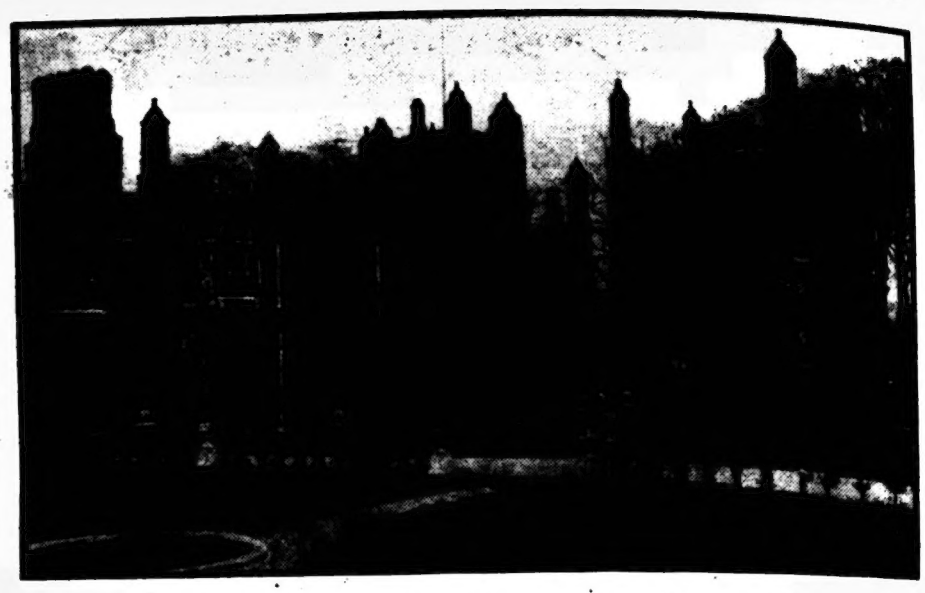
In the industrial districts of Britain which are contributing most to the armament programme, there is abundant evidence that, because profits have been put before patriotism, the system of private arms manufacture is breaking down again, as it did in the Great War.

It will have to be abandoned in favour of a system of national organisation and control!

> **"There is willingness and even pride in the humblest homes to take a share in rearmament outlay"—*Sir John Simon in the Budget Speech.***
>
> **Willingness is not so great as the Chancellor seems to imagine.**
>
> **Public uneasiness is widespread because so much of the outlay is going, with the connivance of the Government, into the pockets of profiteers and speculators.**

Although profits are piling up in the aircraft industry, the nation's need of fighting 'planes is still unfulfilled

● "John Bull" is able to throw a remarkable light on the mysterious Count Francis Jeremie Habsburg-Lothringen — who claims to be a great-grandson of the former Archduke Francis Charles of Austria



. . . East Barsham Manor, famous Tudor mansion, where for three years the Count lived a life of mystery, then suddenly left

Count's Castle of Mystery

IN a newspaper interview recently the Count, who is about thirty-two, asked that he should be called plain "Mr. Habsburg-Lothringen."

But there is speculation as to the origin of the title and his claim to use it.

Willoughby is his real name. His father was Digby W. Willoughby, a clergyman, and before her marriage his mother was Evelyn Carey.

He admitted his name was Willoughby in the witness-box when a gardener he had employed sued him for compensation as Count Jeremie, and he defended in that name.

About three years ago the Count acquired East Barsham Manor, one of the most beautiful Tudor show places in the country.

It was here that Henry VIII stayed with his queen, Catherine of Aragon, and made a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, walking the three miles bare-foot.

The Count spent a considerable amount in restoring the Tudor mansion and the grounds, which had been neglected.

But despite the Count's show, he did not complete the purchase of the property.

For long he carried things off with the air of a wealthy man. Tradespeople—with some exceptions—gave him credit. He spent money lavishly.

To some friends he said he was related to the Archduke Otto, Pretender to the Austrian Throne, and he hoped the Archduke was coming to stay at the Manor.

Yet this exalted person condescended to pay not infrequent visits to the local inn, where he would play darts with farm workers and buy them beer.

Left by his master, the Count, this faithful dog will not let a stranger enter the grounds of . . .

Usually he was accompanied by a friend called George. No one knew him by any other name, and the staff of servants at the Manor called him "Mr. George."

George is about the "Count's" own age and was regarded as his secretary.

He was smartly dressed and—it was said—an ex-champion swimmer of Hungary.

George seemed to speak very little English and gave a convincing foreign background to the Count. The two were inseparable.

They tore along the roads of Norfolk in an expensive red sports car. Local society called them the "Oddities."

Then it was rumoured the Count was to inherit a vast fortune.

It was said that there were £2,000,000 in a trust connected in some way with the Habsburgs.

The money did not arrive and it was explained that Hitler's occupation of Austria had ruined all his hopes.

On the other hand, he told at least a few people that not a halfpenny of his income was derived from Austria.

It became more and more mysterious.

The Count's habits underwent a drastic change.

For some time he evaded all attempts to speak to him. Callers and those who rang up were told the Count was away.

But certainly for some of the time he was in hiding in the Manor.

Then, one Sunday, he appeared unexpectedly and gathered his personal belongings.

He took them away, together with a stained glass window.

Strange thing to take—a stained glass window. It was in the chapel of the Manor, where it had been erected many years ago by a rich widow.

It was dedicated to Our Lady of Walsingham, and would be of considerable religious value to a devout Catholic, such as the Count apparently was.

Perhaps it was intended for a relation he often talked about. He said the Manor had been bought for him by a relative and restored. He mentioned "my aunt's valuables there."

It has been suggested that he received considerable financial help from this relative.

* * *

At all events, the Count crept away that Sunday night, and East Barsham Manor has not seen him since.

Rumours began to spread that, owing to Hitler's conquest of Austria, the "Count" was in fear of assassination and was closing down the Manor.

Servants were paid some of their wages on account and were given a month's notice. They are still there waiting to see what will happen.

And with them is the Count's dog. "Fearless," which snarls at any stranger who enters the grounds.

County society is not surprised at the Count's disappearance. From the first they regarded him with suspicion.

Many refused to receive him. One peeress asked him not to call again.

When he was said to have made an offer to buy Walsingham Grammar School, owned by Mr. John Gurney, Lord of the Manor of Walsingham, they scoffed. "All bluff" was their verdict.

* * *

And when a story appeared in the local Press that a case containing jewels had been stolen from his car in London, they were equally sceptical.

As the "Count" did not even report the theft to the police, they were probably justified.

Recently he rented a one-room service flat in the Kensington district—a come-down after fine old East Barsham Manor.

MUDDLE, MEDDLE MAGISTRATES

THROUGHOUT the country magistrates are failing in their duty.

In many places they are not making sufficient use of the Probation Service as an effective means of preventing the growth of serious crime.

So the Home Office has just issued a reminder—"To the Justices of the Peace of England and Wales"—telling them what they should do.

And Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary, points the moral when he says in the document:—

"Experience of thirty years has shown the growing importance of the probation officers to the Courts.

"I am, however, convinced that much remains to be done before the system can be expected to yield its best results."

WHICH IS JUST WHAT "J. B." HAS BEEN SAYING FOR QUITE A LONG TIME.

* * *

Every court needs magistrates who will take the trouble to understand the simple principles of the Probation Service, and apply them with sympathy.

Certain courts are using probation too freely, while other courts are doing just the opposite.

Percentage of cases dealt with by probation vary from 5 per cent. with some courts to 45 per cent. with others.

The conclusion is inevitable that there is plenty of room for a greater as well as a more discriminating use of probation throughout the country.

* * *

Tests have been taken to gauge the value of probation. Results in 2,311 cases showed 70 per cent. success.

Good effects of probation were most noticeable with offenders above the age of twenty-one.

Consequently, the Home Office argues that probation can be applied successfully to offenders of *all ages* under suitable conditions.

Ridiculous conditions are applied by some Benches to probation. Examples:

A youth of eighteen, accused of attempting to steal one shilling's worth of cigarettes, was bound over on condition that:

He did not smoke cigarettes for twelve months; he should be in the house winter and summer at nine o'clock; and that he went to church once every Sunday.

Two boys, placed on probation for theft, were ordered not to attend a cinema for two years.

A husband, accused of stealing his wife's handbag, was told that he must not speak to his wife for twelve months.

Conditions such as these bring the whole probation system into ridicule. Their foolishness is a grave reflection on the magistrates imposing them.

Now there are other points of official criticism of the probation machine.

Evidence proves that probation officers are overworked. Many part-time officers are grotesquely underpaid.

There are still large districts where no provision is made for a woman probation officer.

Moreover, many probation officers hitherto appointed have small qualification and less experience to guide them in their work.

* * *

Cost of a probation service is met from local funds, but there is a 50 per cent. Government grant towards expenditure approved by the Home Secretary.

All the points outlined are made by the Home Office.

It is satisfactory to know that the Home Office is thinking along lines we have indicated.

Magistrates are asked to follow the Government memorandum.

ANOTHER "J. B." VICTORY!

Sinis

BIG profits are by smuggling into Britain.

There are try several thousan who have no right t

Most of them ha fused admission at ports because their papers were not in cause they were un

But despite all they have crept h secret, and are London. Others shelter with friend vincial cities.

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And Judge Arche scathing things to

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The owner decla fect condition, a house for which £300.

Yet Hastings the site at only

If the owner meant that he savings.

"You are seekin as valueless," said

Human Cargo Means Big Profits to the Organisers of this—

Sinister New Smuggling Traffic

BIG profits are being made by smuggling foreigners into Britain.

There are in this country several thousand foreigners who have no right to be here.

Most of them have been refused admission at the Channel ports because their identification papers were not in order, or because they were undesirable.

But despite all precautions they have crept back again in secret, and are in hiding in London. Others have found shelter with friends in big provincial cities.

They are refugees from Germany, Austria and Spain. Some are professional crooks. A few are spies.

EVERY week their numbers increase. For the Continental smugglers of human cargo have formed an organisation to outwit the British immigration authorities.

It is doubtful, indeed, if even the Home Office realises the alarming growth of this traffic.

What the Home Office says on the matter is: "We are perturbed and anxious about the number of foreigners who are illegally entering the country."

"John Bull" is able to submit sensational information as to the extent of the smuggling.

Chief centres of activity are Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne and Rotterdam.

In each of these towns is an agency which, for a price, will arrange the shipment of a foreigner into England.

Charges vary. They are based usually on the capacity of an individual to pay. The average fee is about £15.

A French fishing boat will, on occasions, carry up to five passengers on a secret night crossing to England.

Landing on this side presents little difficulty. The passengers are either rowed ashore in small boats or transferred at sea to English fishing craft. The English fishermen share in the spoils.

It is common knowledge in Havre that in one week twenty people were carried successfully across the Channel in fishing vessels out of that port and Fécamp.

An idea of the size of the smugglers' clientele can be obtained from the figures of aliens refused admission during recent months at British ports:

Germans, 343; Spanish and Portuguese, 180; French, 121; and Italian, 97.

Each rejected alien is a potential client of the smugglers.

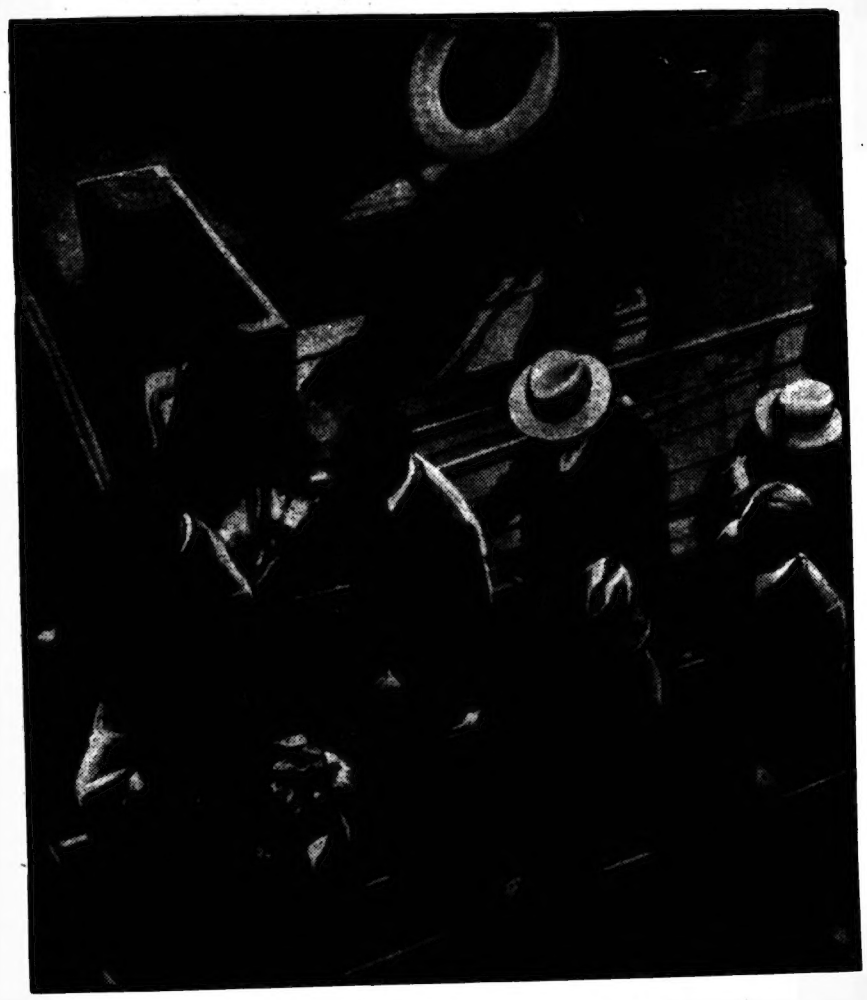
From a correspondent we have received a well-authenticated statement of a German refugee showing how he and his wife were smuggled to England.

This German, who speaks the English language perfectly, is a man of education.

Now living in London, he hopes to secure employment.

Here is the story in his own words:—

"I had to get out of Germany. My hope lay in England, where I have friends. But I could not secure the papers which would allow me to enter your country.



No passports are needed for the day trips between South Coast resorts and France, and many aliens slip into the country through this loophole

"MY wife and I first managed to get into Holland, where we stayed at the house of my sister, who is married to a Dutchman. Her husband has business connections in Covent Garden, London.

"Enquiries were made on my behalf, and one day I was told that arrangements were complete for us to sail for England in a Dutch motor-barge.

"Payment asked was £25 for the two of us, plus the cost of our food on the voyage.

"We were instructed to join the barge at the Hook of Holland.

"As soon as we were aboard, the barge sailed. The captain told us we must keep below.

"At dawn next morning the captain called me to the deck. He pointed out the faint, dark shadow of a coast-line showing through the early morning mist, and said 'England.'

"Shortly afterwards the barge dropped anchor.

"Alongside was a small motor-boat, in which were three men, who spoke English with a drawling accent strange to me.

"In the motor-boat my wife was very sick.

"It was an hour before we came into calm water in a river mouth. The fishermen said the place was Havengore Creek.

"They put us ashore at a little deserted wharf, and said that if we waited a motor-van would come to take us to the village.

"After waiting for a short time a motor-van, laden with farm produce, arrive', and we sat in front with the driver.

"He drove along narrow roads for about half an hour, and stopped at a farmhouse on the outskirts of a village.

"We met no other vehicle on the road. The driver said if we went to a public-house not far away we could get a meal and shelter.

"This we did. Later we took a motor-'bus from the village to a place called Rochford.

"From there we went by train to London."

DUTCH barges are making London River every day. Many of the skippers of these craft have realised that a lucrative side-line opens in the transport of aliens to England.

Along the Essex waterways there are scores of good landing-places. Co-operation of the Essex fishermen can be easily arranged.

Times for them are not good, and the chance of an extra few pounds by meeting a Dutch barge in the estuary, receiving a passenger, and asking no questions, cannot be missed.

Police on the coast of Essex and the southern counties realise what is happening.

But they cannot take any effective action in the way of preventive work. Regular duties occupy their time.

Now and again a smuggled alien is caught. Like the German brought before the Lewes, Sussex, magistrates.

According to the account he gave, he was smuggled by motor-boat from Dieppe to near Seaford for only £2 10s.

Then there was the case of the German from Hamburg who appeared before the Grays (Essex) magistrates.

How he managed to get to this country could not be discovered. He was "spirited in" by the smuggling machine.

And quite apart from smuggling, there is considerable "illegal entry" through the pleasure steamers which, in the summer months, ply on daily trips between the South Coast resorts and France.

No passports are needed for day-trippers.

Really, it is the easiest thing in the world for aliens to get into England without trouble.

No wonder the Home Office is "anxious and perturbed."

But it is not anxiety that will end this traffic.

It is action.

"Smash-and-Grab" Council

HASTINGS CORPORATION is the latest council to work on "smash-and-grab" lines.

And Judge Archer, K.C., has had some scathing things to say about its conduct.

Its counsel sought possession of a house on the usual grounds—that it was unfit for human habitation.

The owner declared that it was in perfect condition, a well-built, six-roomed house for which he had been offered £300.

Yet Hastings Corporation valued the site at only £15.

If the owner were turned out it meant that he would lose all his life savings.

"You are seeking to regard this house as valueless," said Judge Archer to the Corporation's counsel. "It is to be taken without a penny of its value? If I have discretion, I will not turn this man out of his home, unless I know it is unfit for human habitation."

When Judge Archer was told that the Corporation could evict the owner without going into Court, he said in that case they had better get the sheriff's warrant.

But, he added, if the Corporation did things that way, sooner or later there would be serious trouble.

"This is robbery with violence," he exclaimed.

Then he adjourned the case for a month to let the Corporation think things over.

Bravo, Judge Archer! JOHN BULL backs you up.

Truth at last!

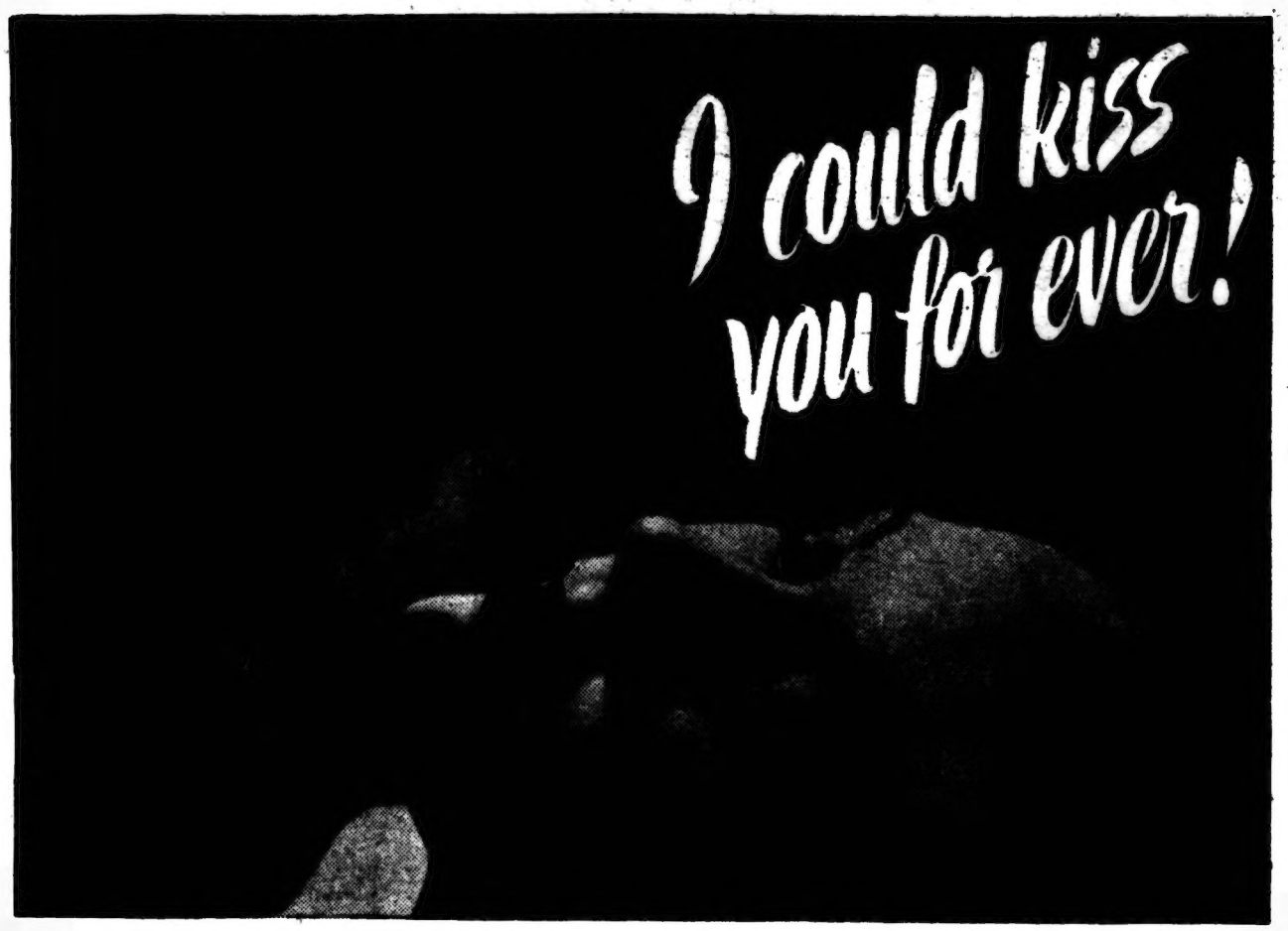
This week, on page 16, JOHN BULL makes an historic Presentation to its readers of a specially authorised two-volume edition of the "War Memoirs" of David Lloyd George.

This million-word narrative from the pen of the man best qualified to tell it is the greatest and most authoritative record of the world conflict ever published.

Here is the inside story of the war written by the one man best qualified to survey the whole tremendous scene.

The complete unabridged work, which has previously not been available under £8 8s., is now offered to JOHN BULL readers at an astonishingly low price.

Turn to page 16 at once and learn how you can make this great work yours.



It's tragic how many women miss happiness like this because of that modern complexion trouble COSMETIC SKIN

(London Films)

TL 921-196-55

YOU use powder and make-up to be more lovely. Yet these are the very things that can ruin your looks—*unless you guard against Cosmetic Skin.*

The trouble is, many girls *think* they remove make-up thoroughly every night. But actually they leave specks of stale powder, rouge and grease deep down in their pores. Naturally the pores get clogged, can't function properly. Then the horrid signs of Cosmetic Skin start to appear—muddiness, dryness, blotches, large pores, blackheads!

POWDER HARMLESS IF REMOVED THIS WAY

There's one thing that removes every little bit of stale make-up from your pores. That's the extra-rich, PENETRATING lather of Lux Toilet Soap. Film stars—to whom a perfect skin is essential—always use this soap to remove their make-up. They've proved nothing else cleanses the pores so completely. That's why Lux Toilet Soap is the official soap in the big film studios—it guards against Cosmetic Skin.

Always before you go to bed at night and every time you make up again in the day, remove your stale powder and powder-base with Lux Toilet Soap. The beauty soap of the stars will guard you from Cosmetic Skin and give you the flawlessly clear complexion men find irresistible.

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

3D. A TABLET

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

Your Safeguard

LOOK around the house, in the kitchen and bathroom and see what a large number of brand names you recognise. You may have made their acquaintance recently or you have bought them regularly. They are all vouched for by responsible firms and the fact that they are advertised is in itself an indication—even an assurance—that their standards of quality are strictly maintained.

A manufacturer brands his products with a distinguishing name and advertises and sells them under that name because he has unlimited confidence in his goods. With his eyes open he is making it easy for any dissatisfied purchaser to avoid buying his particular make of article a second time. It would be sheer commercial insanity to brand and advertise goods that nobody would buy twice.

The best way of making your money go farthest is to buy goods that are advertised . . . goods that must be superlatively good enough for their makers to keep calling them to the attention of people day after day, year after year.

It will pay you to read the advertisements in JOHN BULL every week, for by doing so you will be introduced to many valuable and choice products—products which will help you to save money and improve your standard of living.

Only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in JOHN BULL, and readers, therefore, need never hesitate to respond to them, for they are all of proved value. Particular care is taken to ensure that no reader suffers any loss or disappointment through any of the goods purchased from advertisements in JOHN BULL—that is why the JOHN BULL Guarantee appears in every issue. Your safeguard! Here it is:—

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Compact Stowaway Carriage, fold-over handle, rubber grips, sprung chassis, leatherette effect cushion, lycra weatherette hood and storm apron, safety bolt. In Wedgwood Blue, Grey, Green, Navy, or Black. Carriage Paid. Cash or 7/- monthly. Catalogue of Prams Free. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Sir LAWRENCE CHUBB,
Open Spaces Champion

DEAR SIR LAWRENCE,—Tho
people are going to the seaside,
seaside for them to enjoy.

Failing drastic measures to
lords and speculators, Britain's
lost to the public.

Recent events, all round ou

Paths leading to the sea ha
ful cliffs and coves have been

Racketeers have cashed-in
favourite bathing-places—by bu
levying toll on would-be bather

The building of hotels an
goes on at a tremendous pace.

What should be the playg
becoming the preserve of a fe

Only the stretches bought
—Blackpool, Margate and the
the despoilers and speculators.

In a few days' time, I a
national scandal will be impre

After a year's investigatio
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other important bodies will is

It will demand Governme
It will show that local authorit
the cost of planning schemes
nificent coast-line.

And it will give you anot
for a more free and less landl

The holiday-maker, thoug
is allowed to use most beaches

In future, the seaside as
made his heritage.

You will, I know, champi
mination. May you win quick

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN,
Late Foreign Secretary

DEAR MR. EDEN,—I wish y
to your fine speech on the
combat war glorification.

"The danger signals are
them now."

Yes, but you should have
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being shut out of their "pl
colonial Powers.

The fear and greed of
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But it's a reason that bears e

And the first step towa
the world economic conferenc
Minister has suggested.—Joh

Lord ILKESTON,
Birmingham Stipendiary

MY LORD,—I am dismay
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Two male nurses—both
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Why you have given th
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passes my comprehension.

It is true that they are
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for the whole public.—JOHN

Sir ARCHIBALD SINC
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Miss FLORENCE HANCO
Transport and General Worl

DEAR MADAM,—My post
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A fairly high proportio
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But there is also muc
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Eighty-hour weeks are
girls, chambermaids and re
machine hands often suffer
strain.

In attempting to rem

OPEN LETTERS

Sir LAWRENCE CHUBB,
Open Spaces Champion

DEAR SIR LAWRENCE,—Though more and more people are going to the seaside, there is less and less seaside for them to enjoy.

Failing drastic measures to check tyrannical landlords and speculators, Britain's coast-line will soon be lost to the public.

Recent events, all round our shores, justify alarm.

Paths leading to the sea have been closed. Beautiful cliffs and coves have been fenced off.

Racketeers have cashed-in on the golden sands at favourite bathing-places—by buying up the beach and levying toll on would-be bathers and picnickers.

The building of hotels and ugly bungalows, too, goes on at a tremendous pace.

What should be the playground of the people is becoming the preserve of a few.

Only the stretches bought by wealthy corporations —Blackpool, Margate and the rest—are safe against the despoilers and speculators.

In a few days' time, I am glad to hear, this national scandal will be impressed upon Whitehall.

After a year's investigation, a committee representing your own Commons Preservation Society and other important bodies will issue its report.

It will demand Government aid and regulations. It will show that local authorities are too poor to bear the cost of planning schemes to safeguard our magnificent coast-line.

And it will give you another opportunity to fight for a more free and less landlord-ridden Britain.

The holiday-maker, though he may not know it, is allowed to use most beaches only on sufferance.

In future, the seaside as well as the sea must be made his heritage.

You will, I know, champion his cause with determination. May you win quickly!—JOHN BULL.

The seaside as well as the sea must be made our heritage, Sir Lawrence!

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN,
Late Foreign Secretary

DEAR MR. EDEN,—I wish you had added one thing to your fine speech on the need for democracy to combat war glorification.

"The danger signals are up. None can mistake them now."

Yes, but you should have pointed out that much of the danger exists because Have-Not nations are being shut out of their "place in the sun" by the colonial Powers.

The fear and greed of the Have nations is not the only reason for the existence of war shadows. But it's a reason that bears examination.

And the first step towards meeting it would be the world economic conference which Belgium's Prime Minister has suggested.—JOHN BULL.

Lord ILKESTON,
Birmingham Stipendiary

MY LORD,—I am dismayed by your astonishing leniency.

Two male nurses—both young men—deliberately attacked a mental patient. A third incited them.

Why you have given them the option of paying a £5 fine each or serving a month's imprisonment passes my comprehension.

It is true that they are said to have been drinking. But if every brutal ruffian can escape jail by pleading drunkenness it will be a mighty poor look-out for the whole public.—JOHN BULL.

★

Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR: Shareholders in aircraft firms make £3,000 profit a day, you reckon. I reckon day has come to make "equality of sacrifice" fact, not fiction.—JOHN BULL.

★

Miss FLORENCE HANCOCK,
Transport and General Workers' Union

DEAR MADAM,—My post-bag amply confirms your hint that there is a great deal of sickness among older women in industry.

A fairly high proportion is caused by "nerves" owing to speeding-up, as you suggest.

But there is also much physical disease due to standing at work for monstrously long hours.

Eighty-hour weeks are not uncommon among shop-girls, chambermaids and restaurant workers. Women machine hands often suffer from excessive fatigue and strain.

In attempting to remedy these disgraces you'll have to batter down opposition from cheap-labour and slave-driving fanatics.

But every doctor will be behind you.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ALEXANDER MAXWELL,
Permanent Under-Sec., Home Office

DEAR SIR ALEXANDER,—A miracle! At last comes a move to end the appalling fire brigade disgraces I have exposed.

You know them—the Fred Karno brigades with equipment so old that it cannot be used properly; large districts with no brigade at all.

Heaven knows how many lives have been lost as a result.

Now your Department is going to make local councils keep efficient brigades, arrange for co-operation at serious outbreaks, and so on.

I doubt if this action would have been taken but for the need for air raids precautions, but I welcome it none the less cordially.—JOHN BULL.

★

Lady EDWARD SPENCER CHURCHILL: Your plan for British Legion pensions for war widows is excellent; official meanness towards them remains damnable.—JOHN BULL.

★

Lt.-Col. J. A. PICKARD, D.S.O.,
National "Safety First" Association

DEAR COLONEL,—A dreadful thing that a thousand children are killed on the roads every year because of poverty!

Your enquiries show that play hours, not school hours, are the most dangerous.

The youngsters fall victims to traffic because the streets are the only places where they can play.

Parks are few and far between in our great cities; rich districts have only a tiny fraction of the accidents which occur in the poorer and more congested quarters.

More streets should be reserved for children's play; school grounds should be kept open. But, best of all, every slum clearance plan should make provision for a recreation space.—JOHN BULL.

EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Essex County Council

GENTLEMEN,—The "outbreak of mass caning," which you are discussing this week, is a business concerning millions of parents.

About thirty boys at a council school, it is stated, were caned on one day for eating their meal outside the buildings, though they say the dining-room was being used for another purpose.

You can be relied on to deal wisely with these allegations. What disturbs me are the many similar complaints I receive from various districts.

No one wants schoolboys to be treated in namby-pamby fashion. Wise teachers agree that corporal punishment should be inflicted only for grave offences, and experience shows it's a bad teacher who resorts to the cane to maintain his authority.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT,
Secretary for Scotland

DEAR MR. ELLIOT,—What an abject confession of failure is the Scots Fishery report just issued!

It expresses grave fears for the future of the fleets. There are only 450 steam drifters to-day—a hundred fewer than twelve months ago. Their average age is twenty-five years!

Now there are 54,000 fisherfolk. In 1913 there were 88,000.

Once more "disposal" is said to be the worst difficulty, though millions clamour for cheap fish and cannot get it.

This is equally true in the English side of the industry; yet the Sea Fish Bill proposes to do little towards ending this deplorable irony!—JOHN BULL.

★

H. G. WELLS: League of Nations wouldn't be "weak rotten string" if statesmen made To-day their guy-rope and cut away ties with the Past. —JOHN BULL.

★

Principal J. F. REES,
University of Wales

DEAR SIR,—That's fine news. Fifteen hundred workless miners are to have a free week's holiday this year; three hundred elderly ones in a mansion near Abergavenny, the rest under canvas near the Gower coast.

All the work, including cooking, will be done by undergraduates.

Well, it's an encouraging start in a particularly distressed area, and I trust the national scheme to promote such holidays will, under your direction, succeed in bringing a little change into the lives of many thousand workless men.—JOHN BULL.

Sir FARQUHAR BUZZARD,
Distinguished Physician

DEAR SIR FARQUHAR,—Just what I expected. Your proposal that the State should refuse to license any marriage without enquiry into family history has brought me an avalanche of protests.

And my correspondents present you with hard nuts to crack.

They want to know if this reign of official busybodies would not result in an increase of illicit unions.

Whether the laws of heredity are sufficiently understood yet to make the proposal worth while? Whether environment—economic conditions and so on—are not as important as heredity?—JOHN BULL.

Lord BADEN-POWELL,
Boy Scouts' Association

DEAR "B. P.,"—I do not think you need be distressed at your association's lack of funds, acute though it is at the moment.

I am convinced that the public will not allow disaster to befall the mighty movement you created thirty years ago, and which spreads across forty-eight countries and has three million members.

No doubt it is natural for you to feel at your age, eighty-one, that you will soon be "passing on." Naturally, too, you want to see your organisation made secure during your lifetime.

Don't worry—it will be.—JOHN BULL.

★

Dr. C. R. GIBSON: Good luck in anti-cold vaccine experiments on Bath City police. But won't Robert object to taking place of scientists' guinea-pig?—JOHN BULL.

★

Capt. FERGUS MacCUNN,
Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A.

DEAR SIR,—You ought to present a putty medal to your Weymouth inspector.

He has interrogated the fisherman who killed a giant shark—just to make sure no cruelty was involved.

I have the greatest admiration for your officials' work, and it's better for them to be a little over-zealous sometimes than a little indifferent.

I wonder, though, how that inspector would have dealt with the monster. Patted it on the head?—JOHN BULL.

'Mine's a Minor!' says June Clyde

'Quality' still means something to cigarette smokers. They choose De Reszke Minors for a 10-minute smoke because, although inexpensive, they are not 'cheap.' Actually, they are made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the *full* 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

PLAIN • CORK OR RED-TIPPED

In boxes **15** for **6D** & 30 for 1/-
In tins 30 for 1/- & 60 for 2/-

'The 10 minute smoke for intelligent folk'

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1. *Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd*

RATIONAL TAILORING

2 50/-

Q. *What is this new two-piece suit?*

A. It is the latest thing in summer and leisure wear, made in a range of smart materials.

Q. *Such as?*

A. Gabardines, worsteds, flannels — every pattern you require.

Q. *Any special features?*

A. Yes, the trousers have a patented waist-band—that makes it sit perfectly about the waist. No braces, no waistcoat — the jacket cut in lounge or sports style.

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

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Rearmament and its vast demands on the Nation's purse is the spectre that provides—

SIR JOHN SIMON—he has not spared the rod

A HAUNTED BUDGET

By A. G. GARDINER

"IDIOT'S Delight," the war play, is, I hear, drawing crowded houses in London's West End.

Well it may, for the doom with which it deals hangs over the world like a nightmare.

We are all rattling back to barbarism together, and we look in vain for any power that can put on the brake.

In the frantic competition in armaments we were lamentably late starters, especially in the air, and the attempt to catch up with the pacemakers of Germany is reflected in the astronomical figures of our present expenditure.

For the current year Sir John Simon's demands upon the taxpayer amount to £944,400,000.

But this is not all. We are warned that there will be supplementary estimates for armaments which will have to be met out of borrowed money and further drawings on the loan fund.

This will bring the total year's spending far, far above £1,000,000,000.

That is to say, every day of the week taxation will take from us a toll of £3,000,000, nearly half of which will be spent in preparing for war.

Nor is this all.

★ ★ ★

We are told that we have not yet reached "the peak year." Even 1939 may not see it, and the climax may not be reached until 1940.

This assumes that the race in armaments is going on and on with gathering impetus and that war will be postponed from year to year.

But who can speculate on that with any confidence?

The strain on nerves and resources alike cannot be carried beyond a certain limit and none can predict when or where that limit will be reached.

And should war come, all financial calculations will go by the board.

But while the issue is in doubt it is plain wisdom on our part to pay our way, or pay it as nearly as possible.

And it is the merit of Sir John Simon's Budget that it does that. He has not spared the rod.

Income tax is now raised to within sixpence of the high-water mark it reached during the war, and however much we may groan under the burden and deplore its cause we cannot doubt that the right thing has been done.

There is one respect at least in which we have the advantage of any combination with which we may be brought into conflict.

We have command of that first commodity of war, money, and nothing will contribute more to the prospects of a peaceful issue to the present crisis than the demonstration that the people of this country are prepared to shoulder any financial burden that the emergency calls for.

In another respect Sir John Simon is entitled to thanks. He has dealt with a scandal which has long been asking for drastic treatment.

Generally speaking, no people has a more public-spirited record in regard to taxation than we have. We grouse, but we pay.

Every community, however, has its shirkers, and we are not free from them.

For a long time it has been notorious that certain people, who, so far from being able to plead poverty as an excuse, are invariably well-to-do, have evaded the full measure of taxation by ingenious devices within the law.

By means of sham "trusts" they escape much of their indebtedness to the State, and a considerable practice has sprung up among a certain class of accountants and lawyers who specialise in exploiting this form of business.

★ ★ ★

It is a shabby trick, which, in so far as it is successful, throws upon the general taxpayer the duty of paying the tax-dodgers' quota.

How much money is involved there is no possibility of estimating, but it certainly amounts to many millions.

Whatever the sum, it is gratifying to know that this nefarious evasion will henceforth be made illegal and too dangerous to practise.

Not only will the law be tightened so that the trick will be illegal, but the punishment may be retrospective.

I wish that a kindred evil could be dealt with with equal severity.

It does not come within the orbit of the Budget, but it affects the finance of the armaments scheme and the ultimate capacity of this country to carry the enormous burden that that scheme involves.

I refer to the question of profiteering.

That subject is dealt with in another part of this issue and I shall not go into it here, beyond pressing upon the Government the urgency of discovering as effective a means of stopping profiteering in the manufacture of arms as they have found in suppressing the evasion of the income tax.

The magnitude of the scandal is revealed in the swollen profits of the armaments firms, and it is no answer to say that the National Defence Contribution meets the case.

It does not. This is evident from the simple fact that the vast profits disclosed are arrived at after the N.D.C. has been paid.

In the dark days before us, when public confidence in administration will be of capital importance, I can conceive of nothing more likely to create anger and discontent than the knowledge that the shareholders in armaments firms are reaping rich harvests out of the anxieties of the nation and the impoverishment of the general taxpayer.

I know the question is one of great difficulty, and I don't suggest that a reasonable return should be denied; but profiteering such as we witnessed in the last war must be stopped, and stopped at once.

The finding of a remedy for the scandal should not be beyond the capacity of the Government, and Parliament should not rest until that remedy has been found.

There is another matter, not directly associated with the Budget, on which the country will cordially congratulate the Government.

I referred some time ago to the grave question of the food supply of the nation in the event of war.

On that subject Sir Arthur Salter (who in these serious times ought to be one of the most valuable members of the Government) put forward proposals of vital importance, which seemed to have been disregarded.

★ ★ ★

I rejoice to find that I was mistaken.

The action of the Government in securing vast supplies of wheat, whale oil, etc., and the secrecy and skill with which the transaction has been carried out, is a real feather in its cap.

I should like to think that the whole policy of the Government was marked by the same foresight and boldness.

But let us pray that war will never come again.

The best way of averting it is to show the world that, while we strive for peace, we are prepared for the alternative.

And on the financial side the Budget at least gives assurance of that.

Human Machine

The Gypsy's Warning

A GYPSY called at a lady's house the other day—a typical gypsy, unwashed, aggressive, picturesque if you like that sort of grubby thing.

"You are going to leave this house," she said.

When the housewife refused to "cross her palm with silver" she became abusive. The woes and calamities she prophesied would have put Job to shame.

* * *

In the end she went, laying the most horrific curses on the house and all its inhabitants.

The housewife was later found in tears.

"What's the matter?" said a friend.

"The gypsy said I was going to leave this house," she wailed. "I don't want to leave it. Why should I have to leave it?"

"Why indeed?" said her friend. "What's a dirty, unwashed gypsy know about you or your affairs? Why take any notice of her?"

But she was not to be comforted. "Gypsy warnings are supposed to come true," she asserted. And that was that.

The friend then delivered a knock-out blow. "Suppose," she said, "the gypsy had said that to-morrow morning's post would bring you a cheque for £10,000? Would you have worried about that?"

"No," said the woman. "It would have been too absurd to be taken seriously."

"Why?" said her friend. "If a gypsy's prophecy of calamity is so true, why should not a prophecy of good fortune be equally true?"

"That isn't the point," said the housewife, unable to refute such a common-sense argument. "*There's nothing to worry about in getting £10,000.*"

* * *

And there you have it. A perfect example of unreasoning emotion being allowed to override a person's ability to think.

There's a big lesson in this true little tale for everyone. For the moral of it is that if we can't be sensible we can at least avoid being downright silly!

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HOUSEWIVES, get a free copy of a booklet, "A Lesson in Making Puddings." Simply fill in your name and address in the Coupon in the Stork Margarine advt. on p. 25.

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FREE.—If you want to keep your hair lovely and light as nature intended, fill in the coupon on page 23, enclosing 2d. stamp for postage, for free packet of Sta-blond shampoo for fair hair, which contains no dyes or injurious bleaches. Fill in and post now, while you think of it, to the address given on the coupon.

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Special Dossier

By Sir Wyndham Childs

Hectic Career of a Playboy Scoundrel

BROKER and financier is the new rôle of twenty-five-year-old Theodosius Brandon Boughton-Leigh, ex-public school playboy and wastrel, whose clergyman father has suffered shame, loss and humiliation by his exploits.

He has taken offices in Greek Street, Soho, London.

SO BE WARNED. IF YOU HAVE MONEY TO INVEST, DON'T TRUST IT TO THEODOSIUS, OR YOU MAY RUE IT.

Already he has victimised tradesmen and friends who have given credit or made him loans.

Theodosius is the son of the Rev. Bridgeman Boughton-Leigh, of Winstay Hall, Burgess Hill, Sussex, and of Adelaide Crescent, Hove. He left Harrow School eight years ago.

Only recently he stood in the dock at Brighton Quarter Sessions, where he was accused by a brother of stealing a caravan valued at £226.

He had sold it and kept the money.

But his father gave evidence on his behalf—not for the first time—and claimed he was the real owner of the caravan. The case was dismissed.

What happened to the money was left in the air.

Theodosius has had a hectic career.

While painting the South Coast red, he started a disturbance in a Brighton hotel, poured beer down a girl's neck, assaulted the proprietor and wanted to fight a waiter.

He was jailed for a month.

Eighteen months' hard labour was the price he paid for a car offence at Croydon. He denied he was driving the car, and produced the driving licence of a friend named Samsun.

But the police discovered that, at the time of the offence, Samsun was serving as a steward on a yacht at Devon. Perjury had been committed.

At the Old Bailey the Rev. Boughton-Leigh pleaded for his scapegrace son in vain, and was saddled with £270 costs.

On his release, Theodosius turned to film production and persuaded his father to invest £5,000 in a company.

His associate in this concern—the son of a famous statesman—planned to make a film called "Jungle Skies."

When the Rev. Boughton-Leigh investigated the scheme of the statesman's son he tried to withdraw.

He was sued and had to pay a large sum in settlement. Subsequently the statesman's son went bankrupt for £80,000

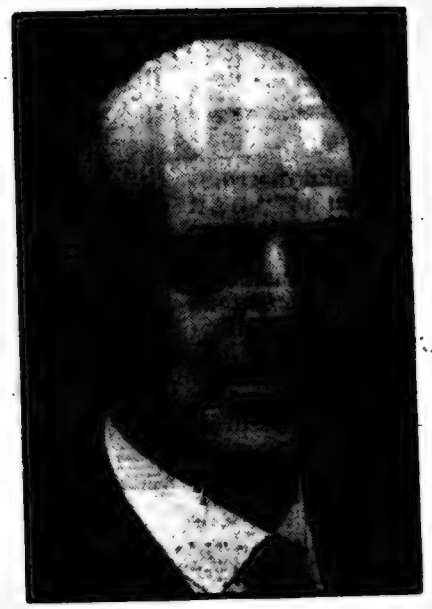
At another phase of his career the police were again looking for Theodosius. He escaped to France in a speedboat and went into hiding.

Since then he has been mixing with all kinds of shady characters, one of whom was a notorious Mayfair playboy, now in jail for financial frauds.

All along the father who has fought to save him from ruin has been his greatest victim.

Theodosius is a young man to shun.

Dr. P. G. Sawmy



Sir George Etherton

Beloved Doctor Sacked

Why has Dr. P. G. Sawmy, assistant medical superintendent of Whiston County Hospital, Prescot, Lancs, been suddenly dismissed from the post he has held for ten years?

DR. SAWMY, forty-six-year-old Madras Hindu and British subject, has lived in this country twenty years and his career in medicine is brilliant.

Yet general opinion is that he has been the victim of high-handed action on the part of a sub-committee of the Lancashire County Council.

During the ten years he has worked for the hospital Dr. Sawmy has won the faith of thousands by his skill and kindness.

He has treated 50,000 patients, and last year alone performed 800 operations. Often he has worked between sixteen and twenty hours a day.

Prescot's Medical Officer for Health, Dr. F. Hall, has testified that ". . . in surgery and anæsthetics he has excelled . . . his general medical work is entirely satisfactory. . . ."

Dr. Sawmy was suddenly asked to attend a meeting of the sub-committee of the County Council. He was kept waiting an hour—and then simply told that it had been decided to dispense with his services.

In lieu of three months' notice, he would receive his salary for that period.

The committee declined to offer a single reason for this extraordinary action. Dr. Sawmy was given no opportunity to answer complaints—because none was made!

Later, he was approached privately and invited to resign, so that the case should escape publicity. He refused to do so.

Meanwhile Dr. G. G. W. Hay, superintendent of Whiston Hospital, had declared he was perfectly satisfied with his assistant's work, and Medical Officer Hall had said there was nothing against Dr. Sawmy's personal character.

Prescot's Public Assistance Committee debated Dr. Sawmy's case for two hours, passed a vote of confidence in him and two resolutions protesting at his dismissal.

Nevertheless, Dr. Sawmy received a curt letter from Sir George Etherton, Clerk to the Lancashire County Council, confirming his dismissal.

Such unreasoning autocracy cannot be permitted. Dr. Sawmy's case must be fully investigated.

PUBLIC ENEMY

CHAIRMAN and founder of a concern calling itself the General Hospital Benevolent Society, with an address in Oxford Street, London, is Reginald Stanley Foster.

He runs in double harness with Edmund Madden, and there is a choice collection of crooks associated with them.

Foster is the moving spirit in charity touting. Extremely plausible, he claims to collect on behalf of certain well-known hospitals. They receive less than 3 per cent. of the proceeds.

Foster has been convicted for larceny and housebreaking, also convicted at Bournemouth for collecting alms under false pretences. So has Madden.

Refuse aid to any collector with a box or card bearing the name of the General Hospital Benevolent Society.

"Free Gift" Ramp

"I represent McWade's Products. Have you received your free gift yet?"

THAT is the way each member of a large squad of canvassers usually starts when the housewife opens the door.

Who are "McWade's"? We have been unable to trace any such firm.

The methods of these canvassers are causing complaints throughout the country.

The salesman produces a fountain pen; a tube of McWade's tooth-paste; a tube of lemon and glycerine jelly "for keeping the hands smooth"; a tube of cold cream; and a tooth brush. All of them free, the housewife is told—on condition that she buys a McWade bolster-case, which will be delivered on the following Saturday. She must pay cash on the order.

She is handed a printed "£100 guarantee" bearing the name of "McWade's Laboratories, London."

Actually it simply says that McWade's Products comply with the Food and Drugs Act.

She accepts the gifts, pays over the money—but the bolster-case never arrives.

As for the free gifts, they are worthless.

It is time this racket was stopped.

Two Fakers in Figures

FREDERICK ROBERT FELLOWS, of Holborn, London, must be a very busy man.

He offers to give advice on accountancy, company registration, income tax, investment and many other matters, and also sells "units" in share pools.

One of his schemes is to get investors to put up sums of £150 in a Tote enterprise.

★ ★ ★

JOHN BULL has investigated his activities and advises everyone with whom he communicates to have nothing to do with him.

He operates under the fancy name of Bradford-Powell and Francis.

Until recently this was not even registered under the Business Names Act.

He has a bad record and has been convicted at the Old Bailey for obtaining money by false pretences and with conspiracy to defraud.

In an office adjacent to that occupied by Fellows there is another "accountant" named John Barrington Hudson. His aims are very similar.

AND HE IS EVEN MORE DANGEROUS.

Hudson, who only recently began operations in Holborn, has for a long time been conducting swindling firms in all parts of the country—notably Nottingham, Brighton, London and Liverpool. He has used the aliases of Boyce, Jackson, Gordon, Miller, Allen and Crawford.

Two years ago he served a twenty months' sentence of imprisonment passed for fraud.

Accountants, indeed!

Pouncing on Poets

LYRIC writers will agree with Mr. T. Morgan, of Liverpool, that "lyrics earn nothing left in a drawer."

But those who answer his advertisement, which says, "Song Poem Writer required to collaborate with composer," might suppose that this collaboration would mean something solid out of the drawer

It doesn't.

For two guineas all he offers is to set the lyric to music.

Morgan—who has established the "Words and Music Club" in Paradise Street, Liverpool—calls himself the inventor of the "Morgan Music Method."

The method is enigmatical. In a Press interview he boasted that he can only play the piano with one finger, and he only knows one note, the middle C.

★ ★ ★

Certainly he claims to have composed many haunting melodies. He has been described as an "unconscious genius."

He may be. But lyric writers are advised to keep their guineas in their pockets.

"JOHN BULL'S" HISTORIC PRESENTATION TO EVERY READER

"WAR MEMOIRS" OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M., M.P.—Photo by Howard Coster.

HITHERTO UNOBTAINABLE UNDER £6-6-0

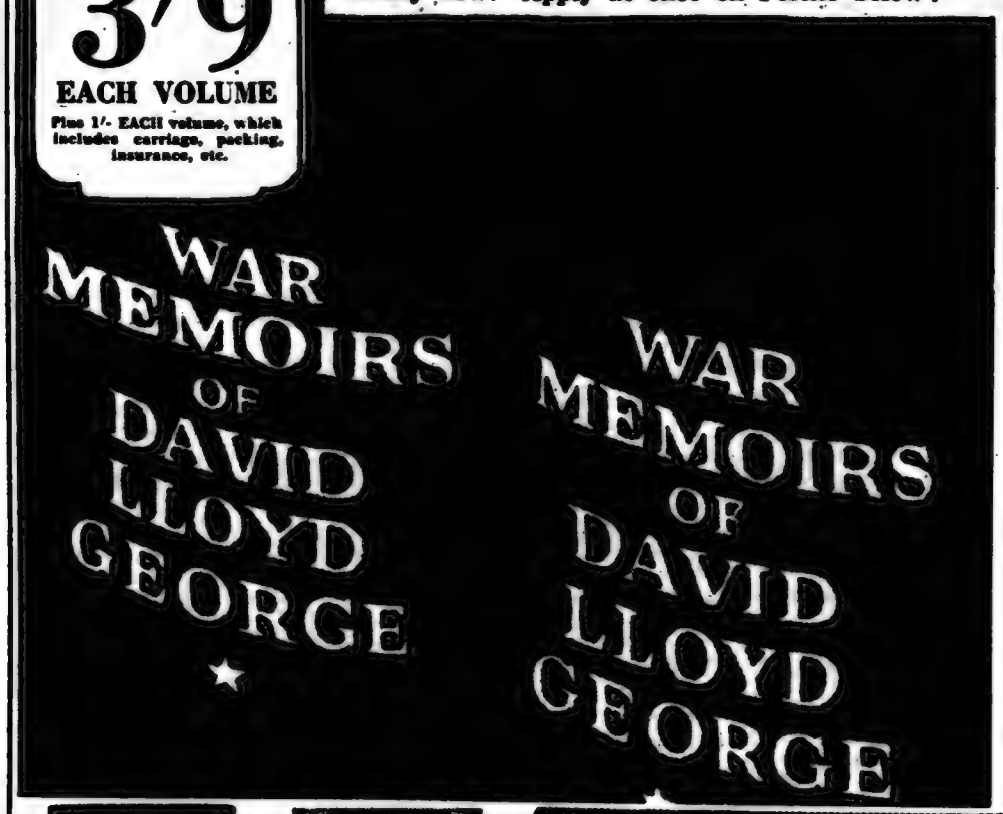
Now available to every "John Bull" Reader in Two Volumes for only

3/9

EACH VOLUME

Plus 1/- EACH volume, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

THIS week, "John Bull" announces the publication and distribution to its readers of a special authorised edition of "WAR MEMOIRS" of the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George. Hitherto, these "WAR MEMOIRS" could not be obtained by the general public under £6 6s. 0d. It is at the wish of Mr. Lloyd George himself that this new edition is offered at a price that will enable this momentous record of the Great War to be available to all. The complete unabridged work, containing *a new preface specially written by Mr. Lloyd George*, the invaluable maps and documents and illustrations and, with the exception of a few essential revisions, *the original narrative, word for word*, can now, for the first time, be secured by "John Bull" readers in two volumes at the astonishing price of only 3/9 per volume, plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. The demand will be tremendous. You send no money now. Apply at once on Forms below!



Here, for every "John Bull" reader—for all who lived, fought and worked through those eventful years, for the relatives of those who will never return, *and for the younger generation who should know what war really means—here, in a million words*, stamped with the genius and vigorous personality of the writer, is the entire incredible story from August 4, 1914, to November 11, 1918—written by the one man *who, as Prime Minister from the end of* 1916, is best qualified to survey the most tremendous tragedy in the history of mankind.

The "WAR MEMOIRS" of David Lloyd George are universally accepted as the greatest and most authoritative record of the War to be published. **Those who are fortunate enough to secure these two volumes of this unique edition at the present privilege prices will find them increase in value as the years go by.**

Each volume contains well over 1,000 pages, including many pages of invaluable photographs, maps and drawings. Many letters and documents of inestimable historic value are also reproduced. The volumes have the approval of Mr. Lloyd George himself and are printed in a clear modern type-face on specially made paper. The books measure 8½ inches deep by 5½ inches wide. They are available in three bindings:—

The Standard Edition. Bound in Blue Cloth with a fine Morocco grain with title embossed on the spine in real 22-*carat Gold*. *For EACH of the two volumes in this Edition you send only* 3/9, *plus* 1/-, *which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.*, making a total of 4/9 per volume.

The De Luxe Edition. Bound in Red Figured Art. Leather with title embossed on the spine in real 22-*carat Gold*. *For EACH of the two volumes in this Edition you send only* 4/9, *plus* 1/-, *which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.*, making a total of 5/9 per volume.

The Library Edition. Bound in Red Figured Art. Leather with the title embossed in real 22-*carat Gold*. This Edition is enhanced by the addition on the spine of 9 Double Library Bands embossed in real 22-*carat Gold*. Both Volumes have a Library Headband. *For EACH of the two volumes in this Edition you send only* 5/6, *plus* 1/-, *which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.*, making a total of 6/6 per volume. Both volumes in each Edition have an embossed medallion portrait of the author on the front cover and his autograph signature. On the De Luxe and Library Editions the signature is autographed in 22-*carat Gold*.

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Upon receipt of your **Reservation Form and Label, bearing a halfpenny stamp, "John Bull"** will send you your **Official Privilege Voucher entitling you to take advantage of this Privilege Offer—you then send in your remittance for your First Volume and it will be dispatched immediately, carriage paid to your home.**

Approximately **one month** after you have received your **FIRST** Volume, your SECOND Volume—in the same edition as your first—will be dispatched. With this Second Volume will be included an invoice for this Book. This invoice you MUST return together with your second remittance WITHIN SEVEN DAYS of receipt of the Volume.

Apply early. *All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation.* **Post your Privilege Reservation Form and the Label TO-DAY.**

HAIG. "His handling was open to criticism."

KITCHENER. "Popular despite blunders."

ALLENBY. "Brains and imagination."

JOFFRE. "Miscalculations at Verdun."

HINDENBURG. "Not daunted by defeat."

KAISER. "Believed war to be sport of kings."

POST THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE!

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE

WAR MEMOIRS

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You must fill in your name and full postal address in BLOCK Letters on Label on right, affix ½d. (half-penny) stamp to Label and send it together with this Form in an unsealed envelope bearing a ½d. (halfpenny) stamp. *Address your envelope to "John Bull" exactly as shown below and post to:*

BOOK DEPT. J.B.1, "JOHN BULL," 93, FARLHAM ST., LONDON, W.C.2. (Prof.)

Please reserve in my name the TWO Volumes of "WAR MEMOIRS" of THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE in Edition indicated below. Please send me my official Privilege Voucher and Invoice. I understand you are to send my FIRST Volume as soon as I return the Privilege Voucher and Invoice with my remittance for this Volume.

I understand that the Second Volume, in the same Edition as the First Volume, will be dispatched to me approximately one month after you receive my remittance for my First Volume, and I undertake to forward remittance for this Second Volume within seven days of its receipt by me. I am to receive the Second Volume at the same privilege price as the First Volume. Important. Be sure to indicate in panel below the Edition required.

Write clearly below in BLOCK letters.

NAME .....

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Last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Wednesday, May 18th. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Eire. Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

"John Bull," 7/5/38.

YOU MUST CROSS OUT BELOW EDITIONS NOT REQUIRED

STANDARD EDITION 4/9 for EACH Volume which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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A Halfpenny stamp must be firmly affixed here by you.

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Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

J.B.1 L.G.

Glamorous widow's amazing frauds

Glamorous, bronze-haired Margaret Dudley—seductive adventuress of a dozen names—has been reaping a golden harvest in Britain's wealthier coast resorts.

SCOTLAND YARD has warned every important police division in the country to keep a look-out for this slim, beautiful woman with laughing blue eyes who lays her plans with consummate skill.

"John Bull" is able to tell an exclusive story of this slippery siren's amazing exploits.

Torquay made her acquaintance three months ago.

Her Paris clothes, Rolls-Royce and uniformed chauffeur gave colour to her story that she was the widow of a rich architect who had died while on a health tour in Australia.

She rented an expensive flat, obtained furniture, furs, and silver on credit—and then vanished, leaving large debts and dishonoured cheques.

Furs, furniture and silver, of course, had all been sold.

Bournemouth met the elusive Margaret as "Mrs. Robson," a surgeon's widow, temporarily short of cash because she was waiting to wind-up her husband's estate. This "husband" had died in South Africa.

She mixed in exclusive society—particularly ecclesiastical circles—and talked wittily of the bishops and titled people she claimed to know.

Many people lent her money, and one woman cashed a big cheque for her. Then "Mrs. Robson" disappeared from her expensive hotel. . . .

She reappeared in Kensington, London, where she shared a smart flat with a man interested in infallible investment schemes.

They gave cocktail parties, and her job was to vamp guests while her partner talked them into making investments.

One of the victims, however, became suspicious when his promised dividends did not arrive. He made a scene but was pacified and promised a cheque the next day.

But by that time the couple had flown.

Margaret Dudley has as many poses as names.

* * *

Professional singer, authoress, colonel's, architect's and surgeon's widow, duke's and clergyman's daughter, dancing instructress—these are some of the poses.

Robson, Moore, Lapson, Haynes, Bell, Peel, and Warde—these are some of her "names."

She has swindled hotels in Lowestoft, Scarborough, Exeter, Folkestone, Bournemouth and London.

Four years ago she served eighteen months hard labour for a series of frauds, so she is no stranger to prison.

In fact, that is where she should be now.

Dr. J. S. Crone, deputy-coroner for Twickenham

Curb These Nature "Cures"

OUTSIDE a house in Tower Road, Twickenham, Middlesex, is a white globe electric sign bearing the words "Health Practitioners."

The house is a nature-cure home, and is run by Mrs. Edith Janet Lay, who specialises in patients given up as incurable.

It was in that house that sixty-nine-year-old Mrs. Minnie Lection died while she was being massaged in a warm bath by Mrs. Lay as a cure for asthma.

MRS. LECTION'S DEATH RAISES AN ISSUE OF GRAVE NATIONAL IMPORTANCE—THE NEED FOR CONTROL OF UNREGISTERED HEALTH CLINICS WHERE PEOPLE ARE TREATED FOR SERIOUS ILLNESSES WITHOUT PROPER MEDICAL SUPERVISION.

At the inquest on Mrs. Lection, Dr. Fitzgerald, Teddington police surgeon, said that she had died from acute capillary bronchitis, and he expressed the opinion that the treatment she had been given was wrong.

Mrs. Lay was scornful, condemned the medical profession as "soap and sawdust practitioners."

Mrs. Lection, she said, had gone to her eighteen months previously, after having been given up as incurable by Harley Street specialists.

She had received written instructions from the dead woman not, in any circumstances, to take her to a doctor or hospital.

"Death from natural causes" was the verdict recorded by Dr. J. S. Crone, the deputy-coroner, but the jury added a rider that Mrs. Lay had been negligent in not calling in a qualified medical practitioner.

Now here are some facts that were not disclosed at the inquest.

Mrs. Lay's house in Tower Road is not strictly a nursing home and therefore she is not forced to register.

Under the name Madam Varne and Co., Mrs. Lay also owns two "health-food" shops—one in Putney and the other in Wandsworth.

Easy to understand how an incurable person snatches at the hope held out by "Nature cure" specialists.

It must be made impossible for patients to be treated in establishments of this character without the supervision of doctors.

Lucky Tree Trap

IN the garden of Mr. C. A. Varley, of Rivermead, Newton Abbot, South Devon, grows a valuable cork tree.

Valuable, that is, to Mr. Varley.

He says that people have come from long distances to walk round his "lucky" tree and wish. They believe that wishes so made will come true.

And it is astonishing, says Mr. Varley, how the tree really does seem to bring good luck.

Mr. Varley should know.

Having had to cut down some of its branches, he offers to mail a piece of cork to anyone who sends a stamped, addressed envelope.

His correspondents are then invited to send for a picture of the tree and its "story." Cost—sixpence.

Business is booming. To enquirers Mr. Varley sends a printed letter. His daily correspondence is delivered in sacks, and is handled by four clerks!

It's a luck tree all right, Mr. Varley. Lucky for you!

★

PRETTY little girl you see above is taking her pick from a card-index file in the office of Mr. A. Thompson, turf and football tout, whose address is generally Albert Road, Manchester, 19.

In that file are the names of people to whom Mr. Thompson would like to send his winning forecasts for the "Great Cheshire Pools," of Stockport.

All he asks is 25 per cent. of their winnings, but those who have tried his forecasts find that he rarely averages more than five out of ten correct results.

But Mr. Thompson has great faith in the little girl—and his card-index. He will pester you with letters explaining how the child went to the file AND PICKED OUT YOUR NAME! AFTER SUCH A LUCKY COINCIDENCE YOU ARE BOUND TO WIN.

He even sends you this picture of the little girl to prove his story.

But so many people have shared in the same coincidence, received the same letter and picture, that the little girl must be kept very busy pulling their names out of the file.

★

Recently Mr. Thompson came to London and stayed for one night at the Plaza Hotel, Piccadilly.

By a ruse he had the hotel notepaper duplicated and sent out letters to his "clients" with a typewritten signature.

When he left the hotel he asked for letters to be forwarded to his Manchester address.

Since then the hotel has been pestered with scores of letters for him.

What connection Mr. Thompson has with the "Great Cheshire Pools" is not clear, but those who have written to the concern direct have been selected for his favours.

Throw his circulars in the fire.

Oily Gusher in Oil

DO you want to get rich quickly? You can—very easily.

So, at least, says Mr. Charles A. More, proprietor of Johnson More and Co., brokers and dealers, of Sun Buildings, Plymouth.

Notepaper Mr. More uses in touting for clients claims interests in properties operated by the Standard Oil Company, Trinidad Leaseholds, Ltd., and the United British Corporation.

These companies are set forth to suggest that More has some business connection with them.

He has none.

His circulars are being broadcast from one end of the country to the other.

Well-written, and containing a lot of impressive statements which might deceive anyone except an expert, they hold out as a bait a secured income with a minimum yield of 12 per cent.

RIDICULOUS! NO FIRM IN THE WORLD EXCEPT A BUCKET SHOP CAN OFFER A GUARANTEED YIELD OF 12 PER CENT.

It is, perhaps, a lapse on the part of More to bring Trinidad into the picture. It should recall memories of past activities in enterprises naming Trinidad and Port of Spain that should be painful to him.

His real name is Isaac Adelberg, and not long ago he stood in the dock at Surrey Assizes on charges of fraud concerning the shares of Trinidad International Petroleum, Ltd.

More and his confederates had an option on these shares at 7s.

They were touting them around at 30s. and telling dupes that the Trinidad International Petroleum, Ltd., would buy them back for 40s in three months.

The whole thing was a lie. More got fifteen months for his reward.

Apparently More's motto is "Safety in Distance." He ran the "Oldest Colony Sweepstake," with headquarters in Newfoundland—a fiasco.

He also distributed tickets in a fraud called the World Blind Subscription Fund, operating from Danzig.

Now he is telling people that if they invest in his latest venture they will receive a monthly income cheque "brought to your door by the postman."

What a hope!

RUINED FOR £2 DEBT

BECAUSE he owed £2 in arrears of rates, Mr. T. A. Howells, for nearly forty years a haulage contractor in Hereford, has been ruined.

A distress warrant for the debt was issued by the Rating Committee of Hereford City Council, and Mr. Howells claims that while he was away a bailiff entered his premises.

Plant was seized and sold, but after the sale a door was left unlocked and other property was stolen.

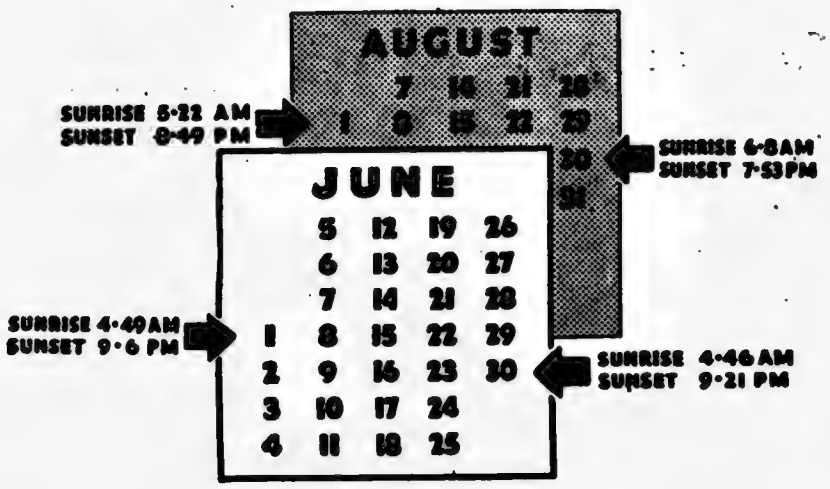
Yet three days before the sale Mr. Howells had paid the rates due, together with the costs, which were accepted by the town clerk.

Alderman Powell, chairman of the Rating Committee, feels that Mr. Howells has had a very hard deal, and said so—but at the same time he points out that the Council had no jurisdiction over the bailiff.

It has now appointed its own warrant officer.

Even colder comfort comes from the Town Clerk, who has said that if Mr. Howells has a grievance his remedy is against the bailiff!

JUNE DAYS ARE LONGER!



JUNE 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET—496½ HOURS DAYLIGHT

AUG. 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET—438¾ HOURS DAYLIGHT

- These extra hours of sunshine are extra hours of health
- The countryside is never fresher than in June
- Why add to the overcrowding in the late summer?
- And why not take advantage of cheaper accommodation?
- Early travel is comfortable travel.
- So try a June holiday this year!

BEFORE YOU GO
Buy "Holiday Haunts 1938" containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE
"Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE
Cheap 1st & 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR **FOR EARLIER HOLIDAYS!**

CLEANING a house from top to bottom is a big enough task for any woman. The busy Manchester housewife was glad that she had her husband at home to help her. She remembered a job she wanted him to do, and called out to him to come downstairs. She heard his footsteps move swiftly across the landing. Then there came the noise of splintering wood, a crash, the sound of a heavy fall, and, rushing frantically into the hall, she was horror-stricken to find her husband lying in a huddled heap at the foot of the stairs.

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that befell Mr. T. Roberts, of 117, Barmouth Street, Bradford, Manchester, 11, who died from a fractured skull sustained from his fall.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT AID.

As Mr. Roberts was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for Fatal Home Accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly sent to his widow.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to paying numerous other accident benefits, "John Bull" is *still the ONLY paper in the world* to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and is still the *ONLY paper* to pay Sickness Benefits.

£582 16 4 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £582 16s. 4d. to registered readers or their dependants, made up as follows:

Household & Sickness Benefits	£281	16	4
Accident Benefits (Adults)	£173	0	0
Children's Accidents	£128	0	0

On "John Bull's" files are thousands of letters from readers gratefully acknowledging cheques sent to them under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. Last week we published two of these letters and here are another two taken at random. The first acknowledges receipt of benefit under the exclusive Sickness section of our Insurance.

THANKS TO "JOHN BULL."

"Thanking you for the cheque which you have sent me in settlement of my claim under your Free Insurance Scheme. Thanks to 'John Bull' my wife has been able to go away for a fortnight's convalescence to help her recuperate. This would have been impossible but for your help, and I am very grateful indeed."

Here is the second letter acknowledging cheque sent under the exclusive Fire section of our Insurance.

AMAZING BENEFITS.

"I acknowledge herewith receipt of your letter together with cheque and beg to thank you for the prompt and genuine manner, free from 'humbug' and 'red tape,' in which you entertained and settled my claim. I appreciate most sincerely the genuineness of the 'John Bull' Free Fire Insurance Scheme and consider the benefits offered are amazing in comparison with the simple obligation of being a Registered Reader."

With "John Bull's" Certificate of Security safe under lock and key in your home you will feel a tremendous relief. Every minute of the day you will be able to face the future with confidence, for you will have that most comforting of all knowledge, the knowledge that in the event of misfortune to yourself, your dependants or your home, there is a friend to whom you can turn for speedy and open-handed assistance.

If you are not already registered, use the Registration Form below. You never know the moment when danger threatens! *Now—for the sake of your dependants, as well as yourself, use the Forms below.*

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

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JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 7/5/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

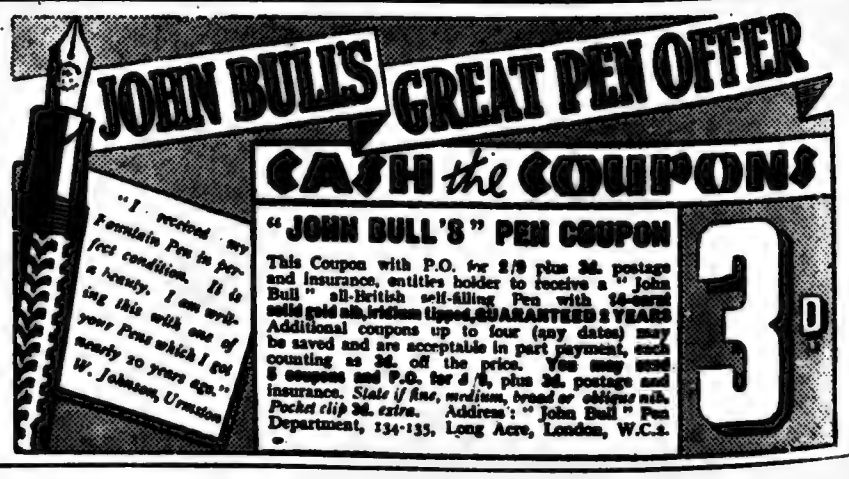
Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 7/5/38.


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER
CASH the COUPONS
"I received my Fountain Pen in perfect condition. It is a beauty. I am writing this with one of your Pens which I got nearly 20 years ago." W. Johnson, Urmston
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
3D

A Great War is on—for National Purity

In Soho cafés, like this one depicted in the film "Late Extra," agents contact the women on whom they prey

Purging the Underworld

SHADY house agents and flat-farmers are to be cleared from central London.

That is the effect of a police order to divisional stations. So for the next few months the anti-vice squads of the Metropolitan Police will be extremely busy.

Reports show that lately there has been a considerable increase in the business of sub-letting premises in certain London districts to women of bad reputation.

Original restrictions on conduct and "business" are completely disregarded by the sub-tenants. They use the flats for all kinds of disorder.

BEHIND THE WOMEN ARE THE FLAT-FARMERS, WHO MAKE FAT INCOMES BY SECURING FLATS AND THEN RELETTING THEM AT FANTASTIC RENTALS.

The same pests exist in Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham and particularly Leeds, with its large foreign community.

Police in all those cities will carry on the crusade started in London.

All the most notorious flat-farmers in London are foreigners, mainly Italians and Frenchmen.

Mario Santini, the Italian Soho café keeper, recently sentenced to imprisonment for motoring offences and recommended for deportation, was one.

★ ★ ★

Names of many others are known to the police. Whenever sufficient evidence can be secured they will be prosecuted.

Strong suspicion, but not hard proof, of their activities will lead to the withdrawal of their Home Office permits to remain in this country.

Already that course has been taken with several individuals.

Police opinion holds, however, that to deal effectively with the evil, an alteration of the law is necessary.

It is difficult to establish in a court that the flat-farmer knows the use to which the premises he rents and then sub-lets are put.

That he does know is practically certain, but the fact cannot be proved.

It was stated in an Old Bailey case that a certain Frenchman owned a number of flats in the Bond Street area and let them to women — originally Frenchwomen — at rentals of from £5 to £10 a week.

The Frenchwomen had acquired British nationality by marriages of convenience.

A detective officer said in evidence that it was greatly to be regretted they could not put some of these Frenchmen in the dock. **TO DO THAT THE LAW WOULD HAVE TO BE ALTERED.**

★ ★ ★

Whereupon the Recorder expressed the hope that the loop-hole in the law which had been brought to his attention would receive the careful consideration of the Home Office, the Director of Public Prosecutions, and the Legislature.

Repeatedly in the police courts emphasis is laid on police inability to catch the rogues who victimise unfortunate women through flat-letting.

Once a woman is in the grip of the flat-farmer she is made to pay and pay and pay.

She cannot break away. If she does she knows that she will be "black-listed," and it will be impossible for her to get a place in which to live. She will be driven out of London by the bullies and touts of the flat-farmer.

A case at Marlborough Street Police Court against an Italian accused of an offence under the Aliens Act showed that the man had been engaged in flat-farming over a period of ten years.

He was "interested," said a police inspector, in six different women; five of them French and one English. One of the flats he farmed was in Park Lane.

For ten years the police knew what this scoundrel was doing. But they could not put their hands on him until the Aliens Act tripped him up.

Touts of the flat-farmers and their agencies frequent cafés in the West End of London, where they scrape acquaintance with girls of the underworld and introduce them—on a commission paid by the girls—to a "nice little flat, where you can do anything."

No process can, at the moment, touch the agents who act for the flat-farmers in the letting of premises and the collection of rents.

There are four firms in London whose main business is finding flats for women and men of unsavoury character.

These agents are the nominees of the foreign flat-farmers. Indeed, in two such firms flat-farmers are non-active partners.

Sometimes flat-farmers are women. During a recent prosecution concerning a scandalous house in Paddington it was revealed that the principal, a woman, remained behind the scenes and drew the profits.

"Apparently," said the magistrate, "the person really to blame is not before the court."

Parts of Paddington are brazenly exploited by the flat-farmers and their agents.

★ ★ ★

Enquiries made by the Public Morality Council show that no fewer than fifty-eight different houses and flats are occupied by undesirable women. There is one road where twenty-six flats are suspect.

Attention of the ground landlords has been called to the abuse made of their property. In a number of cases the ground landlords are the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Not from the B.B.C.

Sitting Pretty

Tell me not in screaming headline
I must keep on keeping fit,
If I wish to dodge the bread line
And in life to do my bit;
To the fad of exercise
Edward Wilshaw's put me wise!

"Stand not," he, although no loafer,
Tells us, "if a chair is by;
Better still, if there's a sofa,
Turn to it and on it lie;
And by this rule, too, abide:
Never walk if you can ride!"

"WHO," I hear some right-thinking die-hard demanding, "is this Wilshaw person?

"And what useful purpose is served by repeating the advice of a drone in the world's hive—one destined to spend his declining years in the workhouse, instead of croaking 'Bravo, sir!' at Lord's or swimming the Channel to escape surtax?"

★

The answer is that Edward Wilshaw is the man in charge of Empire radio and cable communications, for which job he is handed a stipend—£10,000 a year, if you must know—which, providing he doesn't go in for film financing or instal a shilling-in-the-slot gas meter, should keep him out of the workhouse for quite a while. For a man in such a position to talk in this strain is, I agree, scarcely playing the game. But playing the game is not in his line, the fellow openly boasting that he has played no outdoor game for twenty years.

Yet, at fifty-nine, he enjoys perfect health.

★

All of which has the unwelcome effect of provoking thought.

Indeed, as an example of the ancient and insufficiently practised art of blowing the gaff, the interview that Mr. Wilshaw gave a reporter eager to find out the secret of success could not have been bettered.

It was as if some magnate, instead of speaking his little piece about beginning as an office-boy at 5s., had let down his side by announcing that he got his real start when a maiden aunt died and left him £5,000.

Having for years practised what Mr. Edward Wilshaw preaches, I can't understand why I have not yet been offered a £10,000-a-year job. Instead, I have merely been offered advice and prophecies regarding a disease-ridden old age from energetic blisters who go in for deep breathing, trying to touch their toes, chasing balls, and performing other absurd rites designed to keep them fit for something or other.

It is useless to point out that horses take exercise all their lives and die at thirty, whereas the placid elephant is a centenarian, and the giant turtle, who reckons it rank bad form to move at all, lives ten times as long as poor little man.

So I just leave the keep-fit boys to it and go my own (and Mr. Wilshaw's) way.

I just leave the keep fit boys to it

★

None sees me at a window in the morning,
Pyjamaless, expanding of my chest!
I refuse a ball to hit,
And, while mutts are keeping fit,
I emulate the elephant and rest.

I would not mind if I'd been born a turtle,
But, though the statement marks me down a churl,
I offer thanks each day
That never, come what may,
No, never can I be a Fitness Girl!

Y. Z.

Little Man's Big Stick

—and how he has wielded it

- He has forced down rents: compelled profiteering landlords to disgorge ill-gotten gains.
- He has put down graft.
- He has built bridges, roads, dams, parks, hospitals, schools, gymnasiums.
- He is fighting Whitehall domination of the local councils.
- He has sacked ancient magistrates, replacing them with stipendiaries, improved train services, frightened and chastened jerry-builders.
- He has shown in a thousand other ways that the Little Man can be mighty indeed!

"And it is further unanimously resolved that we, the ratepayers of Little Muggleford, meeting as the Little Muggleford Residents' Association, do hereby solemnly warn the County Council . . ."

FOR some time past such resolutions as this have appeared almost every week in almost every local newspaper in the land.

There are people who laugh at them, who are amused when His Majesty's Government itself is the subject of such a "solemn warning"—or it may be "unanimous pledge" or "firm demand."

But they can save their smiles.

For these Residents' Associations, Citizens' Leagues, Ratepayers' Associations, Vigilance Committees, and so on—they have a multitude of names—form a new force that is making itself felt throughout British public life.

It is the force of the Little Man.

It is making itself felt in the majority of areas controlled in one way or another by the country's 12,595 different local authorities.

And we of JOHN BULL, who make daily enquiries at one Government office or another, know that it is certainly making itself felt in Whitehall.

Typical of what we are always being told is: "The Minister has had representations made to him by seven (or eleven, or twenty—the number varies) different local associations. He is meeting his advisers to see what can be done."

Fighting It Out

Often nothing is done. But it is no fault of those local associations.

Promptly they strike on a new battle-front. If they can't always break through the battle-line, they can often bestow on it a thundering big dent.

All their manifold aims can be boiled down into one. But what a comprehensive aim it is!

They say, in effect: Why should local councillors do just what they like the moment they've had our votes? Why should we be powerless till the next election comes round?

Why should they, indeed?

So they send their representatives to the council meetings to make notes; meet later to talk it over and agree "Go ahead" or "No, you don't!"

Some of them send for councillors with whose views on a particular matter they disagree.

They invite those councillors to give their reasons. Then they supply their own. Then they fight it out.

They often make converts.

Some of them hold citizenship classes. If the men who refuse to provide a local park can't be taught how to vote, at least the ratepayers can be taught how to remove them from the council at the next election.

They unearth facts that have somehow escaped the local authority—and hope, not always in vain, that those new discoveries will produce changes of mind.

Broadsides are fired at Government departments, where the welfare of their own localities is at stake. Even at Governments.

Tinny broadsides? Maybe. But they are sometimes very effective—when a number of them are fired together.

And they are always finding time to have a go at railway companies, 'bus combines, syndicates of jerry-builders, drainage boards, conservancy boards — anybody who threatens the beauties, amenities or peace of mind of the district.

Some of them, to be quite frank, realise they have a nuisance value—and exploit it to the full. It is a system frowned on by the majority of them.

Such associations have declared rates strikes—foolish because such wars can only end in victory for the local authority.

Some have bill-posted local railway stations for better train services, shouted down speakers at local council meetings, badgered mayors in the streets.

One, determined to get a local open-air swimming-bath, called for a parade of local damsels in bathing costumes.

But only one girl risked it. She caught a cold in the chill air of the main street. And the residents didn't get their swimming-bath.

It is a tiny minority that tries "nuisance value" tactics. And those tactics don't pay.

It wasn't by such methods that this movement doubled in size in one year, multiplied itself fifteen times over in eight years.

Without doubt, its growth is phenomenal.

Forgotten Pioneer

Certainly the first Residents' Association was started as long ago as 1883, at Forest Gate, London.

What a pity the name of the pioneer who founded it has been apparently lost in the mists of history!

Yet there were very few when the war broke out. First real expansion came in 1921-22, when satellite towns and monster new housing estates began to grow.

Various authorities started to bundle the Little Man and his pals—their wives and families, too—into eye-aching deserts of red-brick in which there were no facilities for recreation, pleasure or cultural pursuits.

They seemed to think the Little Man was content to live on stilts, for many of these estates were waterlogged.

Outer walls sank into bogs and split.

Bedroom ceilings became shower-baths.

And they seemed to think the Little Man had wings as well. They moved him out into the wide open spaces in his thousands, but provided transport facilities for hundreds.

But the Little Man hadn't lost his war-time fighting spirit.

He looked round to see how he could hit back.

A few dozen residents' associations became a few hundred.

Scores of them known as Ratepayers' Associations merged, obtained headquarters in London.

Curbing Whitehall

Hey presto! the National Union of Ratepayers' Associations, which embodied 180 odd local associations the year before last and more than 300 last year.

In a dozen or so cases local Conservative organisations have "packed" those local associations—used them for their own ends.

It is no fault of the National Union of Ratepayers' Associations, which hasn't an iota of power over its 300 local associations, anyhow.

And it is no fault of Conservative headquarters in London. It and Labour and Liberal headquarters don't believe in "side-shows."

Expansion died down a bit after 1921-22.

But in the last three or four years there has been no holding it.

They used to say that if you put two Englishmen on an island one of them would immediately open a shop.

What is true to-day is that if you put any Britons on a new housing estate one of them immediately lends his parlour as the first meet-

Marching to Victory—London parents banded together to secure 30 m.p.h. limits on by-pass roads where their children's lives were endangered by speeding traffic

ing-hall of a local watchdog association. And their politics? Ah, that's difficult to answer. There are thousands of them—and it's doubtful if any two think alike.

The National Union of Ratepayers' Associations can only name one really important point of view that is common to all its 300 subsidiaries.

That is to fight Government control of local expenditure. To prevent Whitehall from ruling the roost in every town, village and hamlet in the land, as it is more and more tending to do.

That is the fight supreme of every such organisation in the land—Ratepayers' organisation, Citizens' Association, Residents' Association or whatever its name.

Local people elect a council.

That council has ideas.

Whitehall doesn't agree with them, and gets its way by withholding financial grants.

By withholding from Bradford money supplied by Bradford our bureaucracy can make certain that Bradford shan't decide how Bradford shall be governed.

There is another point.

To outwit *Government Department A* a local council decides to borrow money.

But all loans have to be sanctioned by *Government Department B*, which is the Ministry of Health to give it its proper name.

And says *Government Department B*: "You'll do as you're told—or no loan."

"That means that local elections are a farce," says the Little Man.

He is speaking a little exaggeratedly.

But he isn't far wrong.

Apart from that this multitude of local citizens' associations holds such a conglomeration of varying views that it would be a rare old dog-fight if you could get them together.

For instance, a common grievance expressed by seaside associations is that resorts are more and more being run by the councils in the interests of visitors.

Most local ratepayers may want money spent on better schools.

But most of the councillors probably want to spend it on a longer pier. (A hint, here, as to why a large number of "health" resorts have the most primitive sanitary arrangements. Why, in other words, they are dirty underneath.)

Says the seaside council: "Long piers attract visitors, and visitors are good for local tradesmen."

And the local association answers: "To perdition with the local tradesmen! And with these inland people who expect me to supply them with a £100,000 monstrosity of planks and girders."

The inland ratepayers' association will have different views.

It wants those piers. In some cases it will throw out dark hints as to the ultimate fate of seaside resorts that don't supply nice piers. It will draw attention to the cheapness of foreign travel.

But that's only one point of cleavage.

This association prefers high rates to lack of amenities. That body wants lower rates and no gymnasium.

Buying Houses

Another demands tap water. Yet another, faced with the steady encroachment of water-mains—and water rates!—waxes lyrical about the advantages of well-water.

Then again, an organisation formed in a district where nine people out of ten are buying their own houses will differ very considerably from another in a suburb where almost every house is rented.

Obviously, the man who owes the building society another £450 tends to think as a property owner.

But on the other hand, the man who pays rent, and pays far too much very often, tends to regard all property owners, even those whose instalments to date have bought little more than the coal-shed, as his hereditary enemies.

Rents Slashed

To sum up, in newer districts the majority of these organisations are apt to incline to Labour views.

In the older residential districts they often lean towards Conservative policy.

Yet this tribute can be paid: that 99 out of every 100 of them put the welfare of their own district first, politics a bad second.

And at the first sign of renewed dictation from Whitehall party labels are cast aside and two neighbouring organisations that can never agree on council house rents or some similar subject link arms against the common enemy.

We mustn't omit the minor achievements of the Little Man's watchdog movement.

Here are a few typical of tens of thousands:—

In Poplar a one-year-old association has already won rent reductions of more than £1,000 a year.

On top of that they have wrested more than £500 from grabbing landlords who have been overcharging for rent.

A young solicitor there voluntarily gives up his Monday nights to supplying free legal advice. It is remarkable how many scandals and injustices he has unearthed.

At Slough, Belfast and Wandsworth successful rent strikes have been undertaken.

Winchelsea would have been flooded out during the gales that wrought such damage in the Fens recently if the local association of citizens hadn't pestered the authorities into supplying proper defences.

Letchworth has compelled a council that didn't see why it should ever re-decorate council houses to change its mind.

Several local bodies have pressed for, and succeeded in getting, stipendiaries to replace benches of aged and tottering magistrates.

And at Southampton, where the citizens have their own vigilance organisations in every ward, a hundred important successes include lower rents, reduced 'bus fares, wash-houses and a new riverside park.

Incidentally, Southampton is one of the towns that is fighting for a stipendiary.

Victories

Radcliffe-on-Trent fought to have its water supply softened—and won.

And one association which thrives in the vicinity of an Oxfordshire housing estate compelled the Ministry of Health, by supplying the opinions of architects, to have the estate examined by experts.

Result of that: An untenantable estate was made tenantable—even enjoyable!

In South Wales, citizens' action of this kind has established the right of every ratepayer to have municipal accounts inspected on his or her behalf.

Additional to that, they won the right to query excessive or unjustifiable expenditure with the Government auditor.

What is more, they have done it. And exercising that right they have procured surcharges of from 10s. to £1,500—which means a lot of money to be spent on much-needed schemes.

Somewhat small the majority of these thousands of fights—looked at separately and individually.

But looked at collectively, what mass achievement they represent!

So the ratepayers' movement marches on.

Apart from the 300 bodies merged in a national organisation, and a few hundred more tied up into different county or district organisations, the majority play a lone hand.

No parent body, certainly no political party, was responsible for the starting of any one of them.

It has all been as spontaneous as a forest fire.

Tiny Colossus

And most of them represent no more than a parlour office, an ancient typewriter worked by volunteer typists, an eager and unpaid secretary and some hundreds of blazingly enthusiastic members. . . .

But councils have had to listen to them for a long time.

Ministries are respectful.

And Whitehall, more and more anxious to get complete control of local expenditure, sees the biggest threat to its ambitions in this multitude of small local fighting organisations.

No! says the Little Man. "NO!"

And as Whitehall sees him—he is a Colossus.

MISS LIZZIE

Short Story

of a man, a girl, and a race that won them happiness

By Kate O'Brien

IT was a bright, soft day and the morning mist had been heavy. Old Joe groomed Morning Star with delight.

"With the ground the way it is, there'll be no one with you at the post, sir," he told Jack Harvey. "Miss Lizzie has action and she's plucky, but three miles over the Chippingham course the way it'll be to-day is too much for her. And there's nothing else to be called a horse against you. Whoa there, my beauty!"

Jack Harvey was twenty-five. As long as he could remember, this day of the Chippingham Handicap had always been gloriously happy for him.

He was an amateur steeplechase rider of local renown, and generally at this meeting he was lucky and rode a winner or two.

And to-day, with his own gallant Morning Star for a mount in the last race—to-day he was damned if he was going to let anything spoil his mood of excitement.

No; not even the wretched bank manager with his pompous gloom. What if he was broke?

What if he couldn't get the girl he wanted?

He heard a car in the drive, and walked round to the front of his old brick house

★ Mr. Peters, driving his own Rolls-Royce, pulled up by the porch.

"Hello, Jack!"

Mr. Peters was a rich City man who had bought a place near Chippingham about three years ago. He was a pleasant bachelor in the forties, and interested in horseflesh.

Jack had only one thing against him—it was clear he intended to marry Miss Lizzie, only daughter of Farmer Towne, of Whitebush. He had even named his blood filly after her—a four-year-old which had something of a chance against Morning Star in to-day's race.

But even if Mr. Peters were in Jericho, Jack knew that he would still have had no chance of the hand of Miss Lizzie Towne.

What could the owner of two hundred acres about to be sold up by the bank dare to say to the heiress of 4,000 very solvent acres?

Peters was a lucky chap. Still, his mare wasn't going to win the four o'clock. Jack smiled at him.

"Hello, Mr. Peters."

"May I have a word with you, Jack?"

The two strolled along the drive. Peters looked shy, Jack thought amusedly.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"A lot. To-morrow is Miss Lizzie Towne's birthday."

★ Jack nodded. He knew that. There used to be parties on that date when he and Lizzie were children.

"Well, Jack—I suppose you know how I feel about her. I—I want to make her a present to-morrow of the mare I christened for her.

"I—I also intend" (Mr. Peters reddened) "to ask her to marry me.

"And, just for luck, I've set my heart on her namesake winning the Chippingham Handicap to-day for her.

"Well, you see what I mean? If—if you'd be a sport this once and, and hold Morning Star a bit——"

Jack stared at him.

"Hold my mount? Pull in a race? Are you going crazy?"

"Steady a minute. There's no money in this—the stake is nothing, and I'd give it to charity, gladly.

"I won't have a bob on myself, I swear. It's only a quiet country race, and a sentimental issue, for me——"

Peters cleared his throat and went on.

"Now, you're in trouble with the bank for about three hundred, aren't you?"

"How do you know?"

"Oh, you've been trying to raise it—and people talk. Everyone's sorry.

"Let Morning Star run into second place to-day, and I'll see you right with the bank.

"There's no money in the race and it's of no importance to anyone.

"But you'll be safe here in the place you were born in, and I'll—I'll have the pleasure of presenting a winner to the young lady I hope to marry. Be a sport, Harvey—it's a straight offer."

"It's nothing of the kind! You must be crazy! To ask *me* to pull a race!"

Mr. Peters laughed and halted by his car.

"Don't talk like a fool. Think it over."

* * *

The Chippingham meeting is as informal and friendly as a point-to-point, but it is in the Newmarket country, and therefore racehorse owners and trainers from round about turn up there for a day's amusement.

Jack Harvey rode a winner for Colonel Marshall in the two-thirty.

In the weighing-room afterwards Lord Maddesfield and his trainer both shook hands with him.

"Beautiful riding, sir," said Lord Maddesfield, and eyed Jack thoughtfully.

By the paddock rail during the day Jack met Miss Lizzie Towne and her father.

His heart had been heavy all day, but it lifted a little in response to their friendliness.

Towne was a rich man and he expected to get a rich husband for Lizzie, but he had known Jack from a child and he worshipped good horsemanship.

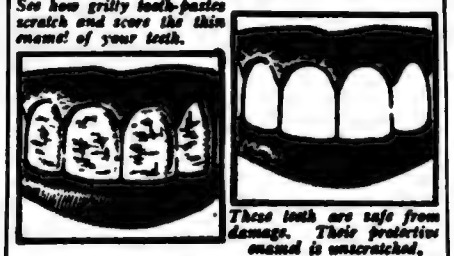
"That was a great performance, my boy," he said kindly. "Good luck to you now in the four o'clock," and he went back to his talk with a neighbour.

Jack turned to Lizzie. She was looking her sweetest, in bluish tweeds, and with her fair hair blowing free across her brow.

"Oh, you rode well! It was marvellous, Jack."

(*Continued on page 24*)

See how gritty tooth-pastes scratch and score the thin enamel of your teeth.



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Are you encouraging Tooth Decay?

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The enamel which protects your teeth from decay at the gum line is *far* thinner than a sheet of paper. Yet some tooth-pastes only whiten teeth by using abrasives which wear enamel away!

Make sure your tooth-paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send coupon below for free sample). Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty don't take chances any longer. It is just because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol

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LET BEAUTIFYING PALMOLIVE KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG AND LOVELY
WHY MRS BLAKE! HOW MARVELLOUS YOU'RE LOOKING! I NEARLY TOOK YOU FOR THAT CHARMING DAUGHTER OF YOURS!
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9 in the 'Regulo' triangle and a 3-course breakfast ready in 15 minutes

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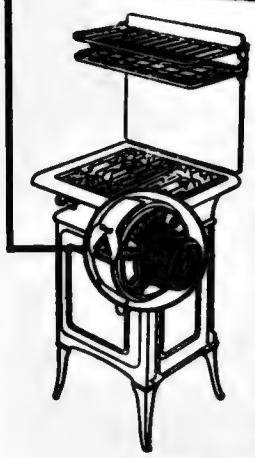

"It sounds too good to be true, I know . . . but it isn't, really . . . it's easy when you know how! Take this morning's breakfast for instance. I just set number 9 in the 'Regulo' triangle, lighted the oven and popped in the porridge. When the oven was nicely warm, in went the whiting and the eggs and bacon; and in just fifteen minutes a breakfast—fit for a king—was perfectly cooked and ready to serve.

"Of course, John marvels how I manage it. I tell him to thank goodness for the New World Gas Cooker. ★ "If that's the case, says he, the more New World Cookers there are installed, the fewer will be the husbands who'll be wanting to leave home. Cynic? well, perhaps. But I think he's right all the same!"

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Don't worry! Here's a quick way to end dry scalp. Always before you shampoo sprinkle on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic — massage with the finger tips until scalp tingles pleasantly.

Then shampoo with 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo. It's *soapless*, which means you get no powdery scum left in your hair. Your hair gleams with new lights, 'sets' better.

Start with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo right away. Soon your hair will be gorgeously silky and lovely.

Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic as a dressing, too. A little on your hair keeps it in place, brings out the high lights. And it is so economical — you need only a little for a massage. Two sizes 1/6 and 3/- (three times as much in larger bottle). 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo 4d. (Prices not applicable to Eire.)

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For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic & 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps, with your name and address, to Dept. W.J.B.8, Chesebrough Manfg. Co. Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

PS. *Don't forget to use 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo*

4695-3

Continuing

Miss Lizzie

"What is the matter?" she asked with sudden, soft kindness. "Nothing," he said wearily. "What could there be?"

He could think of nothing to say. He felt a longing overwhelm him.

"What is the matter?" she asked with sudden, soft kindness.

"Nothing," he said wearily. "What could there be?"

"Oh, Jack, you're queer nowadays. You never talk to me any more."

"Because there's nothing useful that I can say, Lizzie," he said with seriousness. "You know that."

Their eyes met in gravity, but Mr. Peters appeared then by the rail, at Lizzie's side.

"What's going to win the four o'clock?" he asked them gaily.

"I'm sorry for my namesake," said Lizzie. "It's sure to be a canter for Morning Star."

★ "Oh, don't be too sure, Miss Lizzie. The mare's in perfect condition, you know."

"She's a beauty," said Lizzie graciously. "But remember, Jack, my five bob is on Morning Star."

Jack tried to smile, and said that he must be going to the saddling room. The two wished him luck, and the girl looked after him thoughtfully.

* * *

Weighing, saddling and riding out to the starting post, Jack moved in a dream.

All day he had been wishing Peters and his tempting at the bottom of the sea.

Three years of hard work on Thornbury Farm had reduced his inherited mortgage from six to three hundred pounds.

But the new bank manager at Chippingham was not as patient as old Mr. Fordyke had been.

And this morning the ultimatum had come. Seven days to find three hundred pounds. There was no way of doing it.

So Thornbury would have to go, with all the love and work which he had put into it. The life he loved must go, the Suffolk landscape, and steeplechasing, and Morning Star.

He would have to go away, and find a job somewhere. Go away—from everything he knew and loved; worst of all, away from Elizabeth, blue-eyed Miss Lizzie, who from childhood had held his heart. She had no idea of how much he loved her. There was no sense or hope in his shy and modest love.

He could never have Elizabeth, but—for a trifle, merely pulling his horse in a country race—he could keep his home and fields.

Oh, curse Peters! curse him, curse him.

★ They're off! Automatically Jack and his mount went forward inside and into the first four.

Chippingham is a very rough, sporting course, with a succession of formidable jumps.

Jack knew the deep-chested courage of Morning Star and that the heavy going of to-day was not too much for him, even over three miles.

He was carrying a stone more than Miss Lizzie, who was well jockeyed by a professional, and who had fire, length and breeding.

It would be a race all right. But if Miss Lizzie stayed the course—and she was moving beautifully, close on his left—it would be a very easy matter to be beaten by her, beaten by a neck.

A good race barely lost—and all his problems solved. Oh, damn that devil Peters! What on earth, what on earth to do?

First time round Jack, without thinking of what he did, rode his customary plucky but conservative race.

He was up in front all the way, but Miss Lizzie, challenged by an outsider called Tidy Boy, was leading.

From his third place Jack could feel the thinning of what had been a big field. The stiff Chippingham banks were no easy test.

Once past the stand and second time round he began to realise that Miss Lizzie was in real condition to win, that Tidy Boy was out of it, and that Morning Star had plenty of power in hand for a great battle.

The moment of his decision was here. And he saw that if he could not have the girl he wanted he must, if life was to be any use to him, have other things he loved, this Suffolk land of his people, this air, this glorious steeplechasing—above all, this honest horse between his knees.

All right, Peters, you win. You have me. I give in.

Less than a mile to go. Miss Lizzie half a length ahead, the field nowhere. Oh, Heaven, to win!

And so lose all! All this, and this good horse. No, no!

A shade of carelessness now at this awkward bank, a pull, a mere nothing, and the half-length is three-quarters.

So they went over—beautifully, it seemed to all the race-glasses in the stand.

But Jack, hot all over with shame, knew the swindle he was attempting on the brave horse that carried him.

The last jump now—the difficult water. Pull here, lose a split second, and the trick is done.

As he rode at it, Jack suddenly saw Elizabeth's clear blue eyes in memory, saw all their truth and friendliness and—yes, yes, said all his honest heart to their sweet honesty, yes, I ride for you.

Getting down into the saddle he rode at last without another thought except to win.

He won—by a neck, as he had planned, or half-planned, to lose. He beat the gallant Miss Lizzie by the sheer stretching of every ounce of his own horsemanship and of his horse's courage. He won—and no one knew out of what a great relief he laughed as he unsaddled.

Excitement was amazing in the weighing-room. Trainers and owners crowded round. There was an impromptu auction of Morning Star.

With a sad heart, Jack yielded to it, accepting an unforeseen solution of his dilemma.

Five hundred guineas for Morning Star, seven hundred, a thousand. Jack closed with Lord Maddesfield's twelve hundred and fifty.

"But I wonder what the horse would be without the rider," said Lord Maddesfield.

"If I enter Morning Star for the Grand National, Mr. Harvey, would you consider riding him for me at Aintree?"

"Would I consider riding at Aintree?" Jack shouted. "Would a duck swim?"

Jack hurried from the changing-room towards the stables. Outside Morning Star's loose-box he found Elizabeth.

"I had to see you for a minute. Oh, Jack, what a finish! Such riding! Are you happier now?"

* * *

"Happier? I don't know. I've just sold him to Lord Maddesfield for twelve hundred and fifty guineas."

"Oh! Oh, I'm sorry. But—you wanted the money, didn't you?"

"I did. He's to be entered for the National—and I'm to ride him."

"But Jack! How marvellous! That's a dream come true, surely?"

"Yes. But not my best dream, Elizabeth."

"What is that?"

"Never mind. By the time I ride in the National, you'll be married to Mr. Peters——."

"Mr. Peters?"

"He wants to marry you?"

"Perhaps. He hasn't said so. But Jack, you're crazy! He's nearly as old as father!"

"Then you don't want him?"

"Want Mr. Peters? Oh, Jack, you silly fool!"

★ A radiant hope rose in the excited boy.

"I want you, Elizabeth. I'll never want anyone else."

"At last! Oh, is it true?"

"True? What else could be true? But I've got only two hundred acres, and I'm in debt——."

"Not now. You have twelve hundred and fifty guineas——."

"I love you, Miss Lizzie."

"I've always loved you, Jack."

"Oh—oh, Elizabeth! But your father, your four thousand acres——."

"Yes. I know. But I'll only marry for love. And when father hears that his son-in-law is to ride in the Grand National——!"

Leaning against the door of Morning Star's loose-box, they kissed each other.

Next Week: another great short story by **Horace Havord**

The reference to the Medical Aid Association, Ltd., in our issue of March 26 arose from confusing that company with another organisation. No imputation upon the Medical Aid Association, Ltd., of 26a, Church Street, Enfield, or upon its canvassers was intended, and we wish to apologise for any inconvenience the mis-statement may have caused them.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' to-day and have it handy. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. All chemists. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips preparation of Magnesia.

I'm firm about Swift's

– Because Swift's is Firm and Juicy

YOU CAN TELL good Corned Beef even before you taste it. Does it slice nicely? Swift's is moist and tender as a nice piece of cold roast beef. It cuts without crumbling. All the tissues of the meat are firm, juicy and full of flavour. That's why it pays to insist on Swift's—the quality beef.

Swift's slices without crumbling—into thin, rosy rashers.

Straight from the larder to the table. That's ONE advantage of keeping a few tins of Swift's in hand.

Swift's PLATE CORNED BEEF

HENRY A. LANE & CO. LTD, 37-45 TOOLEY ST. LONDON. S.E.1

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 10.

GRAVES NEW CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, or 23in. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Lutier rear wheel. Handle bars, Dunlop Endrick Rims. Racing Pedals. Calliper Rear Brake. Middlemore's Rear Ing Pattern saddle. Hold all. Pad. Reflector. Accessories. £4.17.6 or 6/- monthly. Ladies' Model: Free wheel. Sized sprockets. 2 brakes. £4.17.6 or 6/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue Free.

J. B. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

6/- Deposit and 12 monthly payments of same amount as desired.

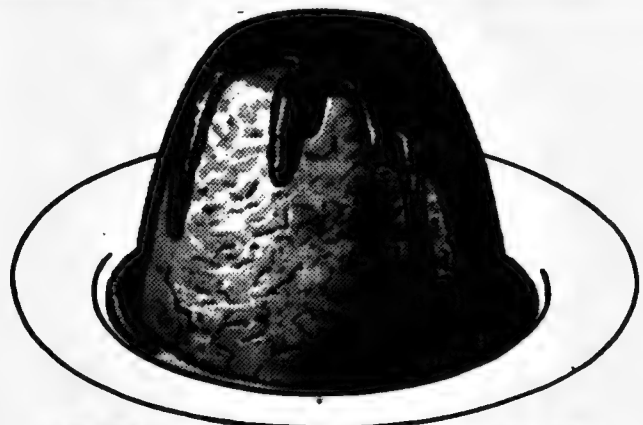
£35 in Cash Prizes FREE!

For Best Last Line to Limerick on page 27.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA CHEESE" offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 27. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, May 13, 1938. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 23), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

Made by the same cook—
but what different puddings!

Her puddings always turned out heavy and shapeless, until she got "A Lesson in Making Puddings"



NOW her puddings are wonderfully light and appetising to look at

When a good meal is capped by a better pudding the whole family is put in the best of humours — and you're the one that did it.

Here's a FREE booklet that shows how your puddings can be perfect every time. It's called "A Lesson in Making Puddings" and it's written by Susan Croft, a cooking expert if ever there was one.

Every page of this little book is crammed with useful tips and valuable information. It's a really sensible book, too, because it gives a list of the mistakes that sometimes happen with puddings, and tells you the right way to put an end to them!

You don't often get the chance of Free cooking lessons; see that you take this one! Fill in the voucher for this splendid little book, and send it off TO-DAY.

FREE BOOK SHOWS HOW!

To The Stork Company, Dept. R.6.
Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "A Lesson in Making Puddings," WHICH INCLUDES REGULO MARKS IN THE BAKING INSTRUCTIONS.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Post voucher in unsealed ½d-stamped envelope

STORK MARGARINE

SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D *Gift Coupon with every pound*

JS 180-71-38

Cornered—by

HEAD-HUNTERS!

"The leader turned towards us again"

Reader's Story by N. E. Legrand

Registered Reader No. 295,136, Home Lea, St. Athan, Glam., Wales

"I DON'T like this place," my guide said, coming into my tent. "The villagers are killers."

"They seemed all right to me," I replied. "A bit fierce, perhaps, but quite harmless."

"That's what you think," was his comment. "Come with me; I want to show you something."

I left the tent as the sun was sinking over the rice fields. It was insufferably hot, with scarcely any breeze.

Two filthy, murderous-looking individuals stared at us curiously as we passed through the village.

*

WE WERE in a remote part of the independent Wah State, bordering the Shan State, north of Siam.

I had gone there to investigate reports that the country was rich in mineral deposits.

"No doubt you've been puzzled about the Chinese who were supposed to have opened the mine last season," the guide said.

"Yes," I said. "It's funny they should leave that valuable ore about."

"I've found the answer to that," he said.

"What is it?"

"You'll see."

*

There were six in our party, including the guide and my personal servant. We had pitched our camp on the fringe of the village.

Before entering this wild country I had been warned that at certain seasons the Wahs were dangerous. At the time of rice planting they were said to seek human heads to scare evil spirits from their crops.

But during that day they had seemed quite friendly. We arrived to find that they had concluded their planting and were preparing to celebrate.

Earlier in the day I had obtained a large stock of rice wine from the village. It was a precaution. I reasoned that if the Wahs became inflamed with the wine we should be in for trouble.

"There's your answer to the mystery," the guide said, as we reached the rice fields. He pointed to some objects on tall poles.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "they're human heads—Chinamen's heads."

"They came here just before the rainy season," he said.

*

I WAS scared, but on the way back to camp had an idea.

Knowing the intense superstition of the natives, I got my men to plant a circle of stakes around the camp.

When they had done this, string was fixed to form an enclosure. On the string we tried pieces of rag and paper.

"Now," I said to the guide, "you go down to the village and announce that the ring around our camp is enchanted. Anybody who breaks the ring will meet with instant death."

As he went, darkness was rapidly blotting out everything, but in the village we saw first one light and then another appear.

There was no doubt what they were doing. The lights were torches; they were preparing for a drunken orgy.

Presently my guide came running back to the camp. "The whole village is seething," he cried. "It looks ugly. What shall we do?"

All the party had gathered round me, looking fearfully to me for help.

"All I have is a sporting gun," I said. "What we must do is to keep cool."

No sooner had I uttered the words than there was a sinister whoop from the village.

"Here they come!" one of the party shouted. "And they're after our heads!"

"Then it's up to you to keep yours," I snapped.

I turned to the others.

"Your lives depend on how you act," I told them. "The Wahs are half-crazed with drink. They are dangerous.

"All of you must remain calm and take your cue from me. I've got a way of handling this situation."

*

IT IS difficult to convey in cold print the feeling you get when you hear the native drums and weird moaning, and see the tribesmen contorting their faces and bodies.

They formed a line and zigzagged towards us. But when they got about twenty yards from the string the leader turned away and the whole line retreated. I thought that they were returning to the village, but the leader turned towards us again. This time the mob got uncomfortably near.

"They are shouting for our heads!" exclaimed the terror-stricken guide.

I realised that the next time they turned they would break through the string and murder us.

Dashing to my tent, I told the men to open the rice wine.

When I returned, I asked the guide whether at this stage the Wahs were sensible enough to accept our hospitality.

"Give them all the wine," I said.

"But it only means delaying our slaughter," he replied.

"Don't be a fool; once they have this we are saved," I insisted.

The guide yelled in the native tongue: "Here, brothers, is wine." With that, he threw it to them.

It acted like magic. The natives dashed for it, and within ten minutes all had a share.

"You see," the guide said, as the line of drunken natives staggered before us, "it's made them worse. They are saying, now that they've had our wine they want our heads."

"Don't worry," I told him. "Our move now is to retreat gradually towards my tent."

*

THE NATIVES stopped dancing. They were looking at us murderously. With my gun ready to fire, I moved backward with my men.

"Look," cried the guide, "they're falling to the ground."

"All right," I yelled to my men. "Pack up. Let's get out of here."

The natives collapsed one by one. Soon not one remained standing.

"The gods have intervened," my guide said, when we were safely away.

"Gods, my foot," I said. "I doped that wine myself!"

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published.

A SURPRISE SWEET FOR SUNDAY

very easily prepared with

CHIVERS JELLIES

Give the family a surprise this week-end by serving Chivers Jellies made up as small windmills. Everybody will like them. Remember Chivers Jellies contain real fruit juice—no wonder they taste so good.

How to make JELLY WINDMILLS

1 pt. pkt. Chivers Jelly (any flavour); a few wafer biscuits; some cocktail sticks; cream (if desired).

Melt jelly tablet in hot water to make ½ pint in all. Set in *small* tumblers or small cups (reserve a little for chopping), turn out on to small plates or dishes, decorate round with chopped jelly and cream. For sails, place two small wafers (or wafers cut to size) on a cocktail stick and fix into jelly. Doors and windows may be made from small pieces of wafer.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Portmarnock for the Derby

THERE is an old racing saying, "Fourth in the Guineas, first in the Derby," and so I shall be looking hopefully to Portmarnock.

He appeared to be running on at the finish of the "Guineas," and the track at Epsom will suit him. Incidentally, Mid-Day Sun, the JOHN BULL selection last year, finished third in the Newmarket classic. Bahram was the last horse to capture both prizes.

* * *

Kempton Park's "Jubilee" is the major racing attraction this week-end, and I have a preference for Goya II and Zaimis.

Frank Bullock, the trainer, thought Zaimis very unlucky in the Lincolnshire Handicap, and I was of the same opinion.

The four-year-old may now make amends.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 5, to Wednesday, May 11.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U 97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

S9398FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

Thirst aid

It's so simple, children can make it themselves. Everyone loves it. 5 seconds makes the perfect summer drink. Healthy, refreshing.

Just add cold water

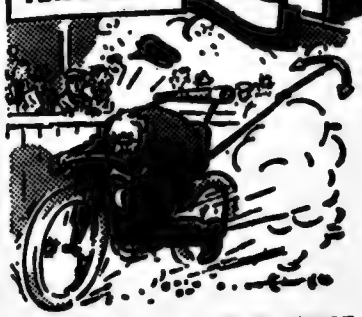
BORWICK'S LEMON BARLEY POWDER

3d. 7½d & 10½d

(3a)

1ST PRIZE £15
SECOND £5
THIRD £5
FOURTH £2
TEN of £1 each

£35 IN PRIZES for DIPLOMA LIMERICKS



An eccentric sea captain of Rye,
His skill on a dirt-track would try
So, off with a shout,
He let her all out

SOME RHYMES: *Aye, by, certify, cry, decry, eatery, die, dry, eye, fie, defy, deny, edify, fortify, imply, justify, lie, lullaby, my, nigh, pie, ply, apply, comply, rely, reply, rectify, shy, sigh, sky, spry, tie, untie, try, vie, outvie, why, wry, awry.*

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 23), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, May 13, 1938. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor. 410a

DIPLOMA *the English Crustless* CHEESE 6d. and 1/-

Made in the Cheddar Valley, by Wilts United Dairies Ltd.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 10.

Perfect Comfort *for every type of Home*

10/- WITH ORDER

WHETHER you own a large or small house or a tiny flat, the Berkeley Superlax will fit in equally well with your furnishing scheme and bring you glorious comfort. It has a special patented automatic action which enables you to change to any position — upright, resting or lounging — without having to leave or adjust the chair. It is deep, soft, luxurious, and suits *everyone*, tall or short.

No other Easy Chair offers such amazing VALUE. The extremely low price of the Berkeley Superlax is only made possible by specialised production in the great Berkeley factories, by enormous output and direct selling to the public.

IN 3 QUALITY COVERINGS

CASH PRICE **72/6**

or 75/-:— 10/- with order and balance 12/- monthly.

SETTEE to match £6 : 2 : 6

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

Fully Patented No. 414464.

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money back if not satisfied within seven days. FREE delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.

Genuine Berkeleys cannot be obtained from any other furnishing house.

The Berkeley SUPERLAX

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.) 70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

West End Showrooms: 123, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1.
Branches: 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, WATFORD; 85, New St., BIRMINGHAM; 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 149, Becontree Avenue, DAGENHAM.

COUPON Please send me Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

Name _____

Address _____

John Bull _____

Ten-shun! Puffed Wheat before you play is *Shirley's* order for the day

Take your cue from Shirley Temple and start off the day with a smile! Make delicious "Puffed" Wheat your first breakfast dish — Shirley always does. "Puffed" Wheat has a fascinating flavour all its own — and all the goodness of rich ripe wheat for energy. Shirley needs plenty of that and so do you. Start delicious "Puffed" Wheat tomorrow. It's ready to eat and costs only 6½d. per packet.

Starring in "HEIDI" A 20th Century-Fox Production

GROW BETTER

PEAS ON NETS

Cheaper than Sticks Lasts for Years.

No more bending—no more buying sticks year after year. Prize growers of Peas, Sweet Peas and Runners use this Net system. Simply tie to stakes at ends of row. Over 200,000 satisfied users. Buy direct from makers. Nets cannot sag; cut to any length.

SPECIAL FINE HEMP TWINE. Strain-tested, 3in. sq. mesh. Amazing value: 3ft. 4½ft. 6ft. 9ft. high. 1/6 3/- 3/6 5/6doz. yds.

HAND-MADE, EXTRA HEAVY COTTON. Double selvage, steam-tarred; best on market. Tie cords at each corner, 6in. sq. mesh.

3ft. 4½ft. 6ft. 9ft. high. 3/- 4/6 5/- 7/6doz. yds.

Cash with order. For orders 10/- and under add 6d. for postage. Over 10/- carriage paid.

GUARANTEE.—Money back if not completely satisfied.

FREE Samples and 36-page Bargain Catalogue of all Garden Nets, Tennis Nets, Mammoths, etc. Send p.c. to:—

WM. JAMES & CO. (Dept. W), Netsea Net Works, Bridport.

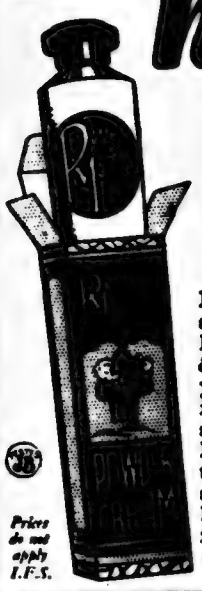
FREE! To those with Fair Hair!
You can try a STA-BLOND Shampoo FREE if you fill in and post the Coupon on p. 33. Simply enclose 2d. in stamps for postage. Send Now!

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *ended in 3 minutes*

An amazing new discovery. Simply apply this fragrant cream — wash off with water — every trace of hair is gone. Skin is soft and velvety-smooth. No stubble like the razor leaves, no coarse regrowth. The razor only makes hair grow faster and coarser. The old-fashioned depilatories were smelly and messy. The up-to-date quick, clean and easy way to get rid of unwanted hair is with New "VEET". On sale everywhere. Price 1/3 and 2/6. Sample size 6d.

WITHOUT RAZORS *or smelly* **depilatories**

Exciting new 6d TUBE



Follow the glamorous stars—give your skin the limelight too! Try Potter & Moore's powder-cream yourself. Smooth a little into your complexion and see how instantly its lovely, peach-like bloom transforms you. Face and neck and arms: they become radiantly youthful-looking at a touch.

Obtainable everywhere in six flattering shades.

Prices do not apply I.F.S.

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER CREAM

WONDERFUL NEW WAY TO END INDIGESTION

Amazing, too, for Headaches, Colds, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains.

If you suffer from Indigestion, Wind, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Pains or Fullness after eating, here's news for you! Now you can get in one tablet the three ingredients doctors have prescribed separately for years.

Now, if you have the least discomfort or pain, all you have to do is to drop an 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablet in half a glass of water. It dissolves into a pleasant, sparkling, refreshing drink that will bring you almost instant relief and lay the basis of a permanent cure in the one natural way by counteracting the excess acidity and restoring the normal alkaline balance of a healthy body.

That is why 'Alka-Seltzer' is so good for Headaches, Colds, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains. It is not a laxative but an entirely new form of Alkalising, Analgesic medicine. There is nothing like it, nothing to equal it.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

Why be GREY?

Grey hair tells tales of years. Hindes Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour, Brown, Dark Brown, Light Brown or Black. Easy to apply. It has no grease, cannot be detected and is absolutely harmless.

Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, 2/6 per bottle.

★ FREE SAMPLE

Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to

HINDES HAIRTINT

HINDES Ltd., 5 St. Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

● *A new master at last! And no regrets for the old one—a street trader—who kept this puppy in his pocket for hours without food or water*

Pet Lovers, BEWARE!

THOUSANDS of animals offered for sale in shops are subjected to needless suffering. The negligence—or ignorance—of many dealers is almost criminal.

Societies for the protection of animals are receiving hundreds of complaints about the condition of pets bought from careless shop-owners.

Says the secretary of the Dumb Friends' League:

"We have a long list of such cases. Dirt, cramped space and dirty water and even underfeeding are common evils.

"An owner can now refuse to allow his back premises or basement to be looked at. We want to see all such places registered and open to inspection at any time.

"The well-conducted shops would welcome such a reform, for they have nothing to fear.

"At the moment we know that animals are suffering in these places, but we can do nothing."

There are, of course, many old-established firms which are above reproach. But there are others which are just centres of infection.

Expensive shops handling only pedigree animals are sometimes no less culpable than humbler concerns which deal with mongrels.

★ ★ ★

Dark, damp and badly-ventilated basements are used for "surplus stock."

In cramped back-yards animals are left exposed to all weathers—and the risk of disease.

No wonder experts warn you to be extremely careful when buying pets.

Here is a case of distemper clearly traceable to a pet shop.

A woman wanted a spaniel puppy from a certain litter. To save trouble she bought it through the local pet shop, where it remained for two or three days.

Less than forty-eight hours after she had taken it home the puppy developed distemper and had to be destroyed.

Yet the mother was perfectly healthy and none of the others in the litter ever caught the disease.

Thousands of similar cases are happening all over the country.

In many lock-up shops animals are left unattended all night. If a fire breaks out they are doomed; if one of them is taken ill it can get no attention before morning.

One shop in West London is never opened before eleven o'clock, as the owner maintains that the day's trade does not begin until then.

So the animals on the premises must wait hours longer than is necessary to be fed and watered.

Often pets exhibited in shop windows suffer acute discomfort from the sun and impure air.

★ ★ ★

Recently the secretary of the Dumb Friends' League was passing a shop when he noticed that a puppy, so imprisoned, was gravely ill.

He entered the premises, protested to the owner, and the animal was taken out of the window and given attention. It was just another case of cruelty through negligence.

Market traders are big offenders. Many of them want to make extra money without having the bother of providing adequate facilities for the care of their animals.

A man will sometimes keep a few puppies in his already overcrowded premises until they are old enough to be taken to market.

He will not even take a stall, but will stand about with the puppies in his coat pockets until a customer comes along.

The animals may be in his pockets for four or five hours without food or water until they are sold.

Birds, too, are ill-treated.

In spite of the law forbidding the selling of certain English birds unless they are born in captivity, these sales go on.

The birds should be close-ringed while they are young. But men wishing to evade the law sometimes force rings on wild birds—or weld them on, thus causing the bird great suffering.

Case after case of this kind comes before the courts.

One man was convicted in three different parts of England within a few months.

The practice of putting out a bird's eyes to make it sing better continues. And sparrows are treated with yellow dye and then sold as canaries.

Boarding-out kennels should also be controlled. Many of them are badly kept. They spread disease and the animals are neglected.

★ ★ ★

A bad case recently was that of an owner who lost his wife. He and his daughter then abandoned the kennels, leaving the animals locked up with nothing to eat.

Eventually two dogs were found starved to death.

Machine-made Sportsmen

No, this is not a picture of a men's ballet chorus practising their steps.

It is the Warwickshire cricket team doing intensified rhythmic exercises, which, in the season now beginning, will be adopted by four out of every five first-class cricket clubs.

Just one more "new idea" to bring our top-rank cricketers to ultra-fitness.

* * *

For some seasons a weakness in English cricket has been the failure of fielders to snap up those split-second chances in the slips. The fault, it is hoped, will be remedied this year by a new kind of "slip-machine."

This is like a table on stilts, with irregular grooves into which the ball is thrown. No one can guess at what angle it will shoot back at the players crouched two or three feet away.

Among other super-fitness ideas is a mechanical "phantom pack" for next season's Rugby players.

A board with padded grooves fits the shoulders of the forwards, and powerful springs take the shoving in imaginary scrums.

Proficiency of rowing-men is being increased by the greater use of mirrors. It is possible to correct almost every fault by putting a man in an anchored boat with a sliding seat, giving him a perforated oar—and fixing a mirror in front of him.

* * *

And don't smile if you visit a golf course this summer and see people with grotesque rubber attachments between their foreheads and shoulders.

These gadgets compel players to keep their heads down when hitting the ball—the secret of successful golf.

HINTS, TIPS *and* Useful Things to KNOW

by Molly Montague

STRANGE as it may seem there are still people who believe that 1864 pennies contain gold, that they are therefore valuable and consequently rare. Their rarity is merely due to the fact that in 1864 very few pence were struck, while their value is precisely one penny each. A similar rumour, and for a similar reason, often circulates regarding 1922 pennies.

Talking about money, have you ever noticed that barely visible to the naked eye, the initials B.M. are often to be found on our coins right at the bottom of the King's neck. Many people think this is a sign that coins have been struck at Birmingham Mint. This is not the case. The initials are those of the artist who designed the "head" of our coinage, Sir Bertram Mackennal, K.C.V.O., R.A. There is, however, a Mint at Birmingham. It is owned by a Limited Company and executes Colonial and Foreign coinages under the supervision of the Royal Mint.

Contrary to popular belief, oil or grease is not the best emergency application for burns. If tannic acid (or strong cold tea, which is a good rough-and-ready substitute) is not available, an application of bicarbonate of soda, moistened to a paste with water, will be found to give immediate relief. This remedy is widely used by printers and mechanics whose trade involves the handling of hot metals.

But to be "caught out" on such occasions is a sign of unpreparedness, which I am sure no housewife who reads this feature would tolerate! A small first-aid outfit should always be at hand—not elaborately and expensively equipped, maybe, but at least adequate to deal with the minor domestic misfortunes that arise in the best-regulated families.

A Household Necessity

One essential component of such an outfit is "Sanalve"—new healing ointment which I tried the other day. Doctors and medical experts testify to the value of this remedy. I cannot enter here into all the minor troubles for which Sanalve is a sure and welcome specific—but the relief it brings in cases of burns, scratches, cuts and insect bites and stings would alone be sufficient to make it an essential in every home.

Your First-Aid Outfit should contain a tube of Sanalve, some iodine, some sal volatile, a roll of adhesive plaster, some lint and a few bandages or old linen handkerchiefs, scrupulously clean and cut into strips.

When some of us look round on our well-worn furniture and sigh for a new suite which the exchequer will not permit, a complete change in the appearance of a room can be made by having a set of loose covers for the armchairs and settee. When buying new covers it is a good idea to buy sufficient material to make head and arm rests, because light patterns quickly become soiled where the hands or brilliantined heads rest. These extra head and arm rests can be fixed in position with press studs, so that they can quickly be removed, washed and put in position again. I know of nothing more cheering than a new set of loose covers.

And whilst on the subject of furniture, have you ever experienced disaster in the shape of hot plate marks on your best polished table. The trouble can be removed by applying spirits of camphor very lightly with a clean soft rag. Then polish with a soft duster. Should the treated part appear duller than the rest of the table, the polish can be restored by the use of some good furniture cream.

A Tale of Trouble Soon Ended

Some time ago I called upon a friend of mine whom I hadn't seen for years. "My dear," I gasped when I saw her. "What has happened to you? You've aged twenty years." I wasn't being catty—she *really* had got haggard and worn about the face and when she *walked*—or tried to walk—well, I nearly cried to see her. She could hardly move. I knew that she had a tendency to rheumatic complaints even as a child. I remember that she had paid visits to various spas to take the waters. It appears that, in spite of this, her rheumatism had been getting worse and worse. Her legs, hands, and finally her back were affected until life was a misery for her. Her husband was not wealthy but he willingly paid out for various expensive treatments; specialists were called in—all in the endeavour to alleviate her pain, but to no purpose, for the Rheumatism had such a firm hold upon her, it seemed impossible that the Uric Acid crystals could ever be dispersed.

My Gift for the week is a remedy for Rheumatism, one of the most prevalent of modern ills.

I Manage to Help

"Look here," I said, "not long ago I knew another case very similar to yours which was successfully treated by a simple and inexpensive method which has many remarkable successes to its credit. Why not try it yourself? You need not even spend anything at all to test it. The makers will send you, FREE, some of the little gelatine capsules which you have to take, together with a book describing the treatment."

All best true stories should have a happy ending, and I am glad to say this one has. My friend sent for the samples and commenced the treatment, with the result that after the first dose she was feeling better. In a fortnight there was a marked improvement in her condition. Within two months all sign of the supposed "incurable" complaint had entirely disappeared! Thus were the young husband's increasing financial sacrifices rewarded! I shall always recommend it to anyone I meet who suffers from any Rheumatic complaint. It is marketed under the name of "Curicones," and for more than 20 years has been gaining the praises of eminent medical men, including a Harley Street specialist.

Pass the Good News on

If you yourself suffer from a Rheumatic ailment of any kind I advise you to try "Curicones" at once; and if you have a friend who is afflicted by these dread complaints, make use of my shopping coupon below. Without delay, fill it in clearly with your name and address or the name and address of your friend, and send it to me as directed on the coupon. I will then arrange that there will be sent, free of all charge, a trial supply of "Curicones." This generous gift will be accompanied by a splendid booklet explaining the cause of Rheumatic troubles. Act now, and bring relief, if not to yourself at least to your friend.

If you don't seal the envelope, a halfpenny stamp is enough for the coupon. Good-bye for the present. MOLLY MONTAGUE.

To Molly Montague,
Dept. J.B.6,
19, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send free of charge the "Curicones" sample and Booklet you offer.

Name .....

Address .....

(JOHN BULL 28) .....

EVEN MORE SHAVES FOR 6D.

Easy's BETTER VALUE THAN EVER!

* CREAMIER LATHER
* HANDY OVAL STICK
* IT'S BIGGER TOO!

EASY'S creamier lather gives the smoothest shave you've ever had—how wonderfully it freshens your skin! And it's easier on your pocket than ever.

A LEVER PRODUCT

(JOHN BULL 26) E 281-172-88

I feel fine NOW!

FENNINGS' CERTAINLY DID WORK WONDERS — They assist the Lungs to throw off all irritating matter arising from Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, etc., and to regain health and vigour.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS (JOHN BULL 25) SOLD AT 6d., 1/3 AND 3/-

70 YEARS REPUTATION INSIST ON FENNINGS'

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

Send for these special

2 FREE RECIPE BOOKS

NO kitchen should be without these invaluable booklets, which are offered free to "John Bull" readers.

Fill in the coupon in the "Radiation" announcement on page 23 for an amazing Recipe Book which gives many helpful suggestions about meals which cook themselves!

"A Lesson in Making Puddings" is the title of another booklet, and this is chock-full of useful tips and information. It deals with everyday problems in a clear and practical way. Fill in the coupon in the "Stork" announcement on page 25 and a copy will be sent to you free by return.

A GUINEA LIGHTING SET FREE

That's the extra value with your cycle from £4-5-0 Cash or terms. Save shop profits. Biggest selection. A postcard for free catalogue will show you how to buy.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, LTD., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

Pleasure-mad parents do not think of the terror a child suffers when he wakes in the dark and finds himself alone

Pleasure-Mad Parents' Cruelty

LAST year the N.S.P.C.C. investigated no fewer than 27,168 cases of child neglect, involving 74,212 children.

Behind those figures is a grim story of incredible carelessness and indifference, often resulting in tragedy.

In the past three months eighteen children have been burned to death in Britain while their parents were absent from home. The parents, in almost every case, had not only left their little ones unattended, but had locked the doors and failed to provide fireguards.

Young married couples who neglect their children in the pursuit of pleasure, who go out dancing or to the pictures and leave their kiddies alone in the house at night, provide the most serious problem of the N.S.P.C.C. to-day.

They do not pause to consider the mental suffering and cruelty inflicted upon the infants should they waken and find themselves alone in the dark.

It has been proved time and again that many adult mental cases can be traced back to shock of this kind sustained in childhood.

A small boy, left alone by his mother while she went dancing, was found locked in a room when an N.S.P.C.C. inspector called at the house.

Although he could see the youngster at the window, he was unable to force entrance without a warrant.

As the child appeared to be in no immediate danger, he reassured him as best he could, and waited outside for the mother's return—which did not occur until three o'clock in the morning.

Did she suspect that the "cruelty" man was about? Anyhow, she stopped to remove her high-heeled shoes at the end of the street, and crept the last hundred yards in her stockinged feet, in a fruitless attempt to sneak into the house unseen.

At Brighton a few days ago a smartly dressed couple from London left their four-months-old baby, inadequately clothed, in a car for some hours unattended.

The windows and sunshine roof were open, although it was a cold night.

The baby cried continuously. Eventually a hostile crowd gathered, and a woman took charge of the child.

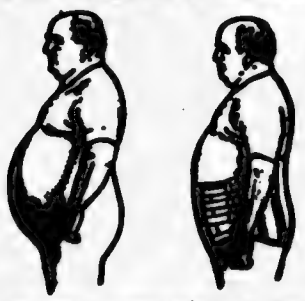
The parents did not return until after ten o'clock.

* * *

A solution to some aspects of the child neglect problem is likely to be found in a scheme, sponsored by Lady Astor, for the construction of communal nurseries all over the country. This plan should be urged forward.

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-Iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxfordshire, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

"We create a design especially for you."

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 4 & 5, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel. Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 2232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
EDINBURGH: 128a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 25493
BRISTOL: 44a, Queen's Rd., Clifton, 8. Bristol 24824
MANCHESTER: 38a, King St., & 23, South King St., 2. BLAckfriars 9075

'HELL' SHIPS OF 1938

Peril, poor food, long hours and nightmare conditions are the lot of men who go down to the sea in Britain's ships of shame.

TO-DAY the loss of life at sea is, in proportion, fifteen times as high as the loss on the roads. It is obvious that a great deal needs righting.

We do not think enough about our merchant seamen. We leave their comfort and safety to the consciences of a multitude of shipowners—good, indifferent, or extremely bad as some are.

To point out in 1938 how many lives wireless has saved at sea is not necessary.

Do you know that coastal ships (coast trading includes any port from Bremen to Brest) are not obliged to carry wireless to-day?

And even ocean-going ships of less than 1,600 tons burden often sail without it.

Surely, one might have imagined, when shipowners were given a two-million subsidy for tramp shipping, a condition for receiving that subsidy would be provision for making such elementary safety devices compulsory on its recipients.

One might have imagined also that the introduction of steel hatch covers would have been insisted on.

Ships continue to founder when heavy seas beat in their wooden hatches. It is only a few months since a coaster sank with all hands after two hatch covers had been broken.

Two years ago the International Labour Office at Geneva recommended that all masters, navigating officers and engineers in coasting vessels should hold a certificate of competency.

As fishing vessels over 50 tons insist on this qualification in their skippers and a second hand, the recommendation does not seem wildly unreasonable. It is unfulfilled.

Our Government did not see fit to implement it. Coastal vessels still put to sea with officers who possess no such certificates.

And safety is not enhanced by the long hours which they are called upon to serve.

These average out at 80 hours a week—that is eleven hours a day, seven days in the week. Sometimes they work out as high as 120 hours a week; 17 hours a day for seven days.

Men tired out, as they must be tired out by working those hours, cannot possibly carry out the exacting duties that fall on them in loading and navigating their ships.

Ships put to sea without hospitals, so sick men perforce remain cooped up with their fellows.

Food varies as much as accommodation in the British Mercantile Marine.

One firm has the reputation of feeding its sailors on ninepence a day.

And how can we find an excuse for the exploitation of unemployed officers that has been going on lately?

Officer apprentices have been freely used to replace sailors on merchant ships and paid £2 a month for "training."

Fortunately, there are latent signs that an awakening national conscience is having a slow effect on conditions in the Cinderella service.

Since a court of enquiry reported on the loss of four ships and 100 lives, the more glaring defects in the safety appliances have been set right.

But when the next wave of depression comes and the shipowners seek a renewal of the subsidy, it will be criminal folly to give it without conditions, as we did last time.

That may give us the chance to insist on wireless for all ships, and on steel covers for hatchways, and better conditions for crews.

Many hardships in the sailor's life cannot be altered.

His calling obliges him to dispense with any kind of family life. It leaves him without any settled home.

He never sees anything but sea and docks, and one dock is remarkably like another.

When he gets back he has the nightmare fear of not finding another berth, or if he does find one it will be a bad ship.

But just because there are so many things that lie out of our control, we should be all the more scrupulous about redressing the wrongs that lie within it.

At least we can demand that the service on which, in an emergency, we are more dependent than any other, shall not deter recruits by perpetuating needless perils.

G. E.

"Greatest of These"

EVER since the war, a shell-shocked ex-Service man, father of eleven, has not been in regular employment, and for the last five years his ill-health has prevented him from working at all.

His disability pension is 30s. a week, and he receives sickness benefit of 10s. a week.

Now, hampered by sickness in his family, he finds it increasingly difficult to carry on.

Of their eleven children, two boys are married. They live away from home and are unable to help.

Two of the other boys and two girls are in hospitals and homes.

The mother is also in poor health.

"I have a splendid husband," she says, "and he is a splendid father. But the doctor says he will never be a fit man. I have tried so hard to keep out of debt, but I am always ill.

"I worry too much, but how can I help it, when I see my children go short?

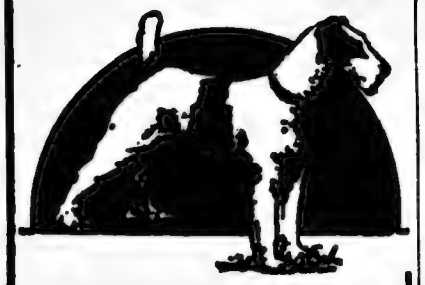
"I need help to pay off my debts, so that when the children come out of hospital they may have better food.

"I had to leave my rent of 13s. unpaid for two weeks lately to get boots and clothes for the children."

Dennis is the name of the baby of this unfortunate family, so we ask for donations earmarked "Dennis."

These, and donations for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office; a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

FIRST PRIZE



BENBOW'S

—of course!

Condition your dog with this wonderful dog medicine. Large or small, thoroughbred or otherwise — BENBOW'S will ensure glossy coat, bright eyes and general all-round fitness in all dogs. BENBOW'S is essential in all cases of

MANGE
ECZEMA
WORMS
DISTEMPER
etc. . . etc. . .

Obtainable from all Chemists and Corn Stores. From 1/6 a bottle.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

BEER IS BEST

Observe the skill with which he'll aim
And single out a double
Nor throw too much to end the game
(A frequent source of trouble!)

Such play is clearly quite an art
And this is also clear—
That men who throw a pretty dart
Have got to . . .

STICK TO

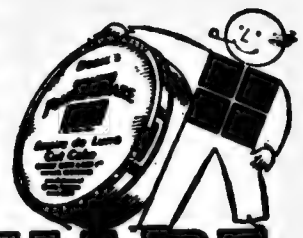
BEER

"What a find, Professor—a tin of Four Square left by the 1934 Expedition!"

"Yes, and Vacuum Packed too, so it will be as fresh and flavoursome as the day it left the factory."

EVEN THE 1-OZ. IS VACUUM PACKED

—as well as the 2-oz. and 4-oz. in an air-proof tin that preserves Four Square's freshness and flavour from factory to pipe. A handy tin, too, with a lid that stays put in your pocket. Good tobacco deserves a good packing—and Four Square gets it!



FOUR SQUARE

VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS

Empire Mixture (Green Squares) } 10½d.
Curlies (Purple Squares) ... }
Original Mixture (Blue Squares) 1/2½d.

Cut Cake (Yellow Squares) ... } 11d.
Ripe Brown (Brown Squares) ... }
Matured Virginia (Red Squares) 1/3d.

All blends are Medium strength.

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Standard Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/-. Large Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/2d.
Guaranteed to contain no Empire Tobacco. Made from Pure Virginia Leaf only.

SAMPLE of all six tobaccos (1 oz. net) 1/-, from most tobacconists, or in case of difficulty write George Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland, enclosing P.O. for 1/-.

Basil Bolton

CROSSWORD No. 168.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 26 is presented the 168th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. K. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle figure.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle figure appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, May 26, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 20, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

GOOD NEWS
FOR WEARERS OF
FALSE TEETH

You can positively fix false teeth so that they cannot slip or click. Tens of thousands have proved it. Simply sprinkle Dr. Wernet's Powder on your plates—effect is amazing. Nearly puts "Roots" into dentures—holds plates firmly, yet comfortably, all the time. No more embarrassment—no more sore gums. You talk naturally and chew thoroughly, as with natural teeth. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Try it to-day. Of Chemists everywhere.

RHEUMATISM
A REMEDY THAT WORKS!

"I am pleased to tell you I am quite cured of Rheumatism; I have tried several remedies, but until I tried Uraco Tablets I found no benefit."—E. T., Hove. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

If you want to look fresh and young—

PUT A SPOONFUL OF MOUSSE OF CREAM in your FACE POWDER

and see the MAGICAL RESULTS!

YOUR skin often becomes dry, parched and wrinkled because your face powder absorbs its natural moisture and oils. A new beauty trick enables you to avoid all this. Just blend a teaspoonful of "Mousse of Cream" with a box of your favourite powder. This prevents the powder from absorbing the skin's moisture; keeps your skin soft and velvety-smooth. You can buy a superfine powder in which "Mousse of Cream" is already blended for you just in the right proportions—Poudre Tokalon. The "Mousse of Cream" in Poudre Tokalon makes it stay on hours and hours. Neither wind and rain nor perspiration can spoil the lovely fresh "matt" complexion it gives. Try Poudre Tokalon and see what an amazing improvement it makes in your complexion in a few days.

STOMACH TROUBLES BANISHED

QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY

Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

Right through the ages children have been the centre of the world's thought and care. So I devote this page to problems about . . .

CHILDREN!

FROM A MOTHER who sees her son's happiness and future menaced by his step-father's hate comes this heart-cry:—

> Left a widow with one child, I married again. My husband hates the child, and I have had to send the little chap to my sister-in-law because he was being made cowed and miserable.
>
> What can I do? It is hard to be parted from my son, especially as we are still living in the home his father bought. I do not neglect my husband, nor do I attempt to force the boy on him.

HARD though it may be for this mother to be denied the love and companionship of her son, I am sure she is anxious only for his welfare.

As things are, the boy has no chance of developing on normal lines, and the constant nagging of his step-father might ruin his future by giving him an "inferiority complex."

The mother is right in sending the boy to her sister-in-law, and I hope that her gallant sacrifice will bring home to that step-father all his selfishness and cruelty.

Surely, when he sees his wife's unhappiness, he will relent and allow the boy to return home and enjoy his mother's love.

FROM A GRANDMOTHER:—

> My little grandson came to live with us when he was a month old. My son and his wife were young and thought the child would interfere with their pleasures. I have learned to love the child dearly, sacrificing everything for him.
>
> Three months ago my son and his wife took a small house, and the baby went with them.
>
> I am broken-hearted, not because they have taken the child, but because my daughter-in-law will not allow me even to see him.
>
> She seems to have a heart of stone, and, even though her own mother points out how cruel she is being, she refuses all my pleas. I would give anything just to see the child once a week.

I CAN understand the yearning of this woman for her grandson. Her daughter-in-law must be a cruel and heartless creature, and it is difficult to know what action to take when dealing with such a nature.

Cause of the trouble may, of course, be jealousy. She may resent the devotion shown to her child by his grandmother.

But surely her husband must have some influence over her. It cannot be pleasant for him to see how unjustly his mother is being treated.

But, if he cannot or will not do anything, then I can only advise this grandmother to be patient and not persist in her pleading. Perhaps her

daughter-in-law may tire of her unkind and foolish attitude.

FROM A HUSBAND:—

> I have been married two and a half years, and both my wife and I are fond of children. You will understand what a great blow it was when our baby was still-born.
>
> My wife is thirty-four, and though the doctor has told us there is no reason why we should not have another child, we have been advised to wait for two years.
>
> After what we have suffered, I am not in favour of having another child, so we have decided to ask your advice about adopting a baby to fill the gap left by the one we have lost.

I ALWAYS advise people who have experienced great sorrow to wait a little time before making any definite decision. Time is a great healer—and also a great revealer.

I urge this husband to wait for at least another six months. He and his wife are too near their sorrow to make such a vital decision.

At the end of that time I suggest that they consult a specialist. If he tells them that it would be perfectly safe to have another baby, they should have one.

But if the specialist thinks there would be any danger to the wife's life, then their idea of adopting a child is an excellent one. And if they do adopt one I hope they will find happiness.

FROM A FOSTER-FATHER:—

> Two years ago we adopted a little girl aged ten days. On her birth certificate, however, the word "Adoption" appears
>
> This troubles us greatly, for we do not want all the world to know. As a matter of fact, we do not want the child to know herself. We want to bring her up as our own.

SURELY this foster-father is worrying himself unnecessarily. Why should "the world know" of the adoption?

Many people go through life without producing their birth certificates, and, in any case, there is no disgrace in adoption.

Some of our finest men and women have been adopted children.

But I think that, in due time, the child should be told of her adoption, and it would be well to do this before she reaches the enquiring age.

Then it would not be so great a shock as if she were left to discover the truth herself, or be told when she is grown up.

FROM A MOTHER:—

> How can I deal with a woman who has taken complete control of my eldest boy, who is nearly ten? She gives him anything he asks for and takes him with her everywhere. The result is that he is getting quite out of hand, and our two other children are growing discontented.
>
> We are working people, and cannot do for them what this woman does for our boy.

THE woman's motive in giving this boy so many treats may be perfectly genuine, but the results seem definitely harmful.

I think the mother should see the woman and explain to her tactfully what is happening. She can express gratitude for the kindness shown to her son, but point out how his character is suffering.

If the woman is reasonable she will appreciate the mother's view and agree to her wishes. If not, then the mother must forbid the woman to see her son.

A letter from a lawyer would add force to this, although I hope such action will not be necessary.

"HUMANIST"

is the man to whom you should send your personal problem. Address the envelope to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (letters sent to any other address cannot be dealt with)—and remember, he

wants to help you!

That goes for meats, too. Nothing dull about cold meat when you serve spicy Pan Yan with it. And Pan Yan is more than a grand appetiser—it is specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs, so it's grand for digestion, too. Good temper starts in the stomach—scowls vanish when you serve Pan Yan with every meal.

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

....what do you use?

There is a very simple reason why every fair-haired woman should use a special shampoo. Fair hair is of a much finer texture than brunette hair and the scalp of fair women is much more sensitive too. Sta-blond, the original fair hair shampoo, is especially made to suit the characteristics of the most delicate fair hair *and to keep it light.*

Sta-blond not only cleans your hair and makes it soft and silky (any good shampoo will do that), but it does what no other shampoo even claims to do; brings back the true golden "lighter" colour to the most faded and darkened fair hair, keeps it golden—prevents light hair from darkening.

Furthermore, Sta-blond contains "Vitef" the amazing Hair-Vitamin. This wonderful discovery prevents dandruff and brittleness. It keeps the hair and scalp gloriously soft and supple.

If you want a blonde don't buy Sta-blond; but if you want to keep your hair lovely and light, Sta-blond's the only shampoo for you. Try it just once—try it today. Now Sta-blond contains enough for two shampoos.

CONTAINS NO DYES OR INJURIOUS BLEACHES

FREE! TRY STA-BLOND TODAY AT OUR EXPENSE. Post this coupon to Sta-blond Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B. 36, 10 Henrietta St., London, W.1, for free packet of Sta-blond Shampoo for fair hair.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... I enclose 2d. in stamps for postage

JB 36

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Every Lady should write today for the Graves Display of attractive Fashions showing the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest money-saving prices, on fairest Terms ever made.

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Daphne

Attractive 2-piece style comprising tastefully designed dress & smart hip-length coat, produced in Courtauld's Art. Silk Fibro yarns in fine plain matt weave with linen effect, treated with Bleapel permanent finish, a process which renders the material resistant to spots, water, stains, &c., and allows of laundering and dry-cleaning. The dress has short sleeves and Eton collar, bodice front gathered and trimmed with machine stitching, and finished with row of buttons down centre. Plain skirt with panel front and slotted self-material belt with slide. Collarless unlined coat in edge to edge box style, trimmed with rows of machine stitching; patch pockets. Plain shades of Natural, Green, Pink Rose. Sizes: 34 to 42 W. (Sizes 32 to 36in) Lengths: 44 to 48ins. 25/- Former 2/- monthly.

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Write for full range of actual cloth Patterns of Newest Models: Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, &c., in the latest styles. Ask for patterns of any Garment required, with self-measurement form and full particulars. Sent per return Post Free. Styles and Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maid's and Girls' Fashions, & we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, Maternity Clothing.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

NO AILMENT resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad-leg) heal naturally *and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish, and rheumatism in all its forms is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by *Elasto, the Wonderful New Biomedical Remedy.*

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

Elasto is something new to curative science; it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs. It is based on the knowledge that vigorously circulating, healthy blood, rich in vital properties, is the basis of life and health. It is now known that varicose veins, bad legs, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls, the heart muscle and connective tissues in a healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results. Vital circulation is interfered with and the consequent accumulation of toxic waste material in the blood and tissues imposes a tax upon vitality and paves the way for numberless ailments—notably RHEUMATISM. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation; *the foundation of all true healing.* Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. Prepared in small, delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Read what Users of Elasto say:

"*No sign of varicose veins now.*"
"*My doctor highly praises Elasto.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad leg.*"
"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto.*"
"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"
"*I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic.*"
"*I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better.*" *Etc.*

POST COUPON BELOW FOR FREE SAMPLE!

Elasto is a constitutional remedy; it can be taken with advantage by every sufferer. Don't waste time asking yourself "Will Elasto benefit my ailment?"—Try it! You can test it without cost or obligation! Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and a special Free Booklet. These, together with testimonials, *showing what Elasto has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Post your Coupon to-day—NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

ELASTO (DEPT 15.F), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please print in capital letters).

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull," 7538 .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

FALLING HAIR *stopped!*

Read Mr. Scott Paton's letter below—his photograph shows what a fine head of hair he has now. Silvikrin is sold by chemists, hairdressers and stores (Lotion 1/6, Pure Silvikrin 6/-).

45b, Belsize Park Gardens, London, N.W.3.

Dear Sirs,
I must give Silvikrin all credit for the remarkably healthy head of hair I now have (see the enclosed photograph). For before I began using Silvikrin, six months ago, my hair was lifeless and straggly, and falling out alarmingly. Moreover, I was badly bothered by dandruff. As I am an actor, you will realise how this distressed me. A very few applications cleared up the dandruff and stopped the hair falling, and ever since, thanks to Silvikrin, my hair has got steadily thicker and healthier.

(Sgd.) Cecil Scott-Paton

JB

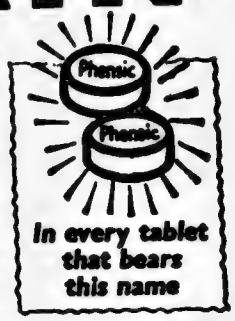
Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

L-31-H

SAFE RELIEF FROM PAIN

You can find comfort in every limb, refreshment in every nerve, within a few minutes of taking 2 Tablets of Phensic. With safety and certainty Phensic strikes at the root of pain, provides a tonic for your heart, lifts the cause of your suffering away. Doctors, Nurses, and Specialists prescribe Phensic. They know of nothing better. Try Phensic *now.* Prices: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-



In every tablet that bears this name

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

Just a Human Story

She Smiles to Conquer Fate

SHE was a smiling little woman. I met her the other day in a London hospital, where she was visiting.

I learned that she had come in to see her little girl, aged eleven.

"She has been here since she was four," she said. "She has never been out for a day. The walls of her ward are the boundaries of the only world she knows."

* * *

Gradually she unfolded the story.

For seven years she had travelled from Northampton every Wednesday to be with her child.

For seven years her husband had made the same journey every Sunday.

Each has to cycle eight miles along country roads to and from Northampton station.

They had motor-car means when their little daughter entered hospital. A comfortable house of their own.

Now they have just two rooms—and the old bicycle which takes them to Northampton.

Then why the smile?

* * *

"We know for sure, now, that we're going to have her out again," that wonderful little woman told me.

"We three are going to start life all over again."

As the mother of two children myself, I say from a humble and admiring heart: "What a woman! And what a father!"—Mrs. Drummond, 3, Stanmore Road, Leytonstone, Essex.

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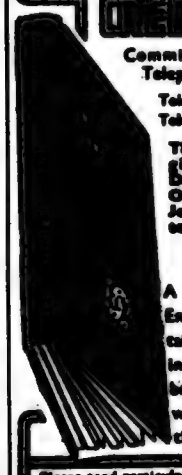

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LUDGATE CIRCUS LONDON EC4

Reading becomes a great adventure in the well-stocked library . . .

Every schoolboy dreams of a free hand with a motor-cycle . . .

And in the evening father gets to work at his son's carpentry bench

Feeding hungry boys is a real job for girls . . .

The Family Goes To College

IN Cambridgeshire are three small villages—Sawston, Bottisham and Linton—with a very big job.

It is to stem the steady drain of countryfolk to town—to moor our yeoman stock to the countryside, and thus recapture the lost agricultural might of Britain.

Cambridgeshire Education Authority has given each of these three villages a Village College that will serve a group of eight or nine surrounding villages. The county's ratepayers foot the bill.

That doesn't sound of great importance.

But more of these Village Colleges are to be built until they serve every community in the country.

★

Children of farmers and farm labourers alike learn here without cane, command or cajolery.

The plain statement that a boy or girl is not behaving as a civilised being is sufficient punishment—and corrective—for any child.

That is because the county authority is convinced such methods are more enlightened—and because it hopes its youngsters will never want to "leave school" in the strictest sense of the word.

From that point on the scheme becomes a remarkable social experiment.

For when other schools close for the afternoon, the colleges open up as rural community centres for social life and adult education, and are served by 'bus services from neighbouring villages.

Engineering and carpentry workshops, kitchens, and laboratories of the Village Colleges are open to all adults who want to learn anew—or begin to learn.

It is amazing how often farm workers come to master the newer developments of agricultural science, while their wives refurbish their knowledge of cookery on monster kitchen ranges or modern electric, gas or oil cookers.

A regular visitor to one centre is a woman of eighty-two. She is learning handicrafts—as well as revelling in a social life that until now has escaped her throughout her hard-working life.

★

I went on a tour of the three colleges and some typical specimens of old-time village schools.

What a contrast!

One of the old-type schools—a moody-looking stone building about sixty years old — had pocket-handkerchief size windows at the front—none at the back, where the sun would seek to enter most often.

Another school, equally old, had only one room, in which were forty children of both sexes and all ages.

Then I visited Bottisham Village College.

There is no wall round it. No railings. No boundaries of any kind. Its acres of playing fields just continue the gentle slope of the meadows around.

Walls, intended to put boundaries to children's activities, put boundaries to their minds and imaginations as well.

The boys and girls didn't hop about in a narrowly confined space like so many caged birds as they waited for the college to open.

Some wandered up garden paths to make sure the birds hadn't been making too free with the vegetables they had been planting. Others were wrestling with a tent.

Then the knob of the college door stirred. The door swung open.

And from every part of the grounds came boys and girls to walk into the school like a fashionable audience walking into a theatre first-night.

No shoutings of "Fall in, here!" "Get into line, there!" "What's all the talking about?"

In fact, the staff was not even in the playgrounds at the time.

★

In one college only have the children ever had to fall-in. That because they had misused their liberty.

But it didn't last long. And the children will do anything to assure that they will never have to fall-in again.

The Warden officiated at mid-day dinner.

Hundreds of children walked to their places with less shuffling of chairs and hubbub of talk than you would hear at a public dinner.

After grace, the boys sat talking football and the forthcoming Test matches, while girl scholars served them with the soup course, before starting their own. Then came the joint, and finally the treacle pudding.

These meals cost each scholar 2½d. a day.

They are restaurant meals with better than restaurant service.

★

Well, that's the college as the scholars see it.

They love it. They hate leaving. When they have to leave for good, they ask whether they can lend a hand looking after the grounds and gardens during the holidays.

But the college will always be theirs—the theatre with scientific points about its stage that certain London theatres lack, the club-rooms, the library, and all the social life that goes with them.

Unless they leave for the big city!

What's Your Answer?

T	R	U		K

One letter only is wanted for the space above to complete an Answer to the Clue, "Porter sometimes finds it convenient to carry one on truck."

What word would you decide upon? As soon as you have solved this fascinating little problem, turn to page 36, where you will find the rest of this week's entertaining Crossword.

Spend half an hour with the Clues this evening and your reward may well be that £5 Monthly Pension, £200 Cash and thrilling "Queen Mary" celebration trip for two.

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR..MOUTH!

Smoke gets in your mouth. It's a pleasure to draw it in. It soothes your nerves. It helps you to think. You blow it out again—but some of it stays behind.

Do you wonder that by the end of the day you have made a nice little collection of carbon particles and smoke fumes, all coating your throat, palate and tongue. It is only natural that the sensitive tissues should object to this invasion. So your throat goes dry and "ticklish." Your palate goes dull and dead. Worst of all, your breath takes up and retains the smoke.

In a phrase, you get "Smoker's Mouth." Every regular smoker has it. It is the price you pay for the pleasure of smoking.

No, there is nothing dangerous or harmful about it. It is just unpleasant.

Of course, one way of getting rid of "Smoker's Mouth" is to stop smoking. But the sensible, modern way is to get rid of it and enjoy smoking more! By gargling every night at bedtime with Milton, the famous antiseptic that is specially suited for use in the mouth.

Milton deodorises. Dissolves dead organic matter without injuring even the most delicate living tissues. Immediately Milton gets to work in your mouth you can feel the soothing tonic effect; can feel the clean, new life return. And in the morning you'll awake with a "new mouth"—ready to taste the real flavour of your favourite smoke.

Remember, Milton as a health habit goes even further than this. Milton kills germs—the germs you breathe all day long. Destroy them every night and they'll never have a chance to launch their attacks. Milton will keep you on top of the world. You can buy a small bottle for 6d. from any chemist. Other (more economical) sizes, 1/-, 1/6, 2/6.

Say good-bye to shiny nose!

Banish shiny nose—your greatest menace to beauty—for ever! Use Snowfire Powder-Cream for a matt-finished skin that never loses its fresh loveliness. Use it because it doesn't clog the pores. There are five flattering shades—Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle or Ivory to suit your colouring. And you will love the fragrant perfume.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire
POWDER-CREAM

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging, "bearing-down," which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; hæmorrhage and protrusion. The **MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A.S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE**. The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and hæmorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer? **FREE SAMPLE** gladly sent on request to—

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.H.7, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON E.C.4.

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up callouses and corns, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-asprin and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. Money back if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails. At Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all chemists.

ASTHMA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

SPEEDY CERTAIN SAFE

Dr SINGHA BRAND TABLETS

1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 12/- & 20/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

TEST IT FREE ENCLOSE 3D IN STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE & PACKING OF TRIAL SUPPLY

Dr SINGHA CO. LTD. (DEPT. J.B.G.) CAERNARVON

Even as you apply Cuticura Ointment you feel its marvellous soothing effect. Within five minutes that maddening, sleep-wrecking itch will be relieved. Then the healing antiseptic ingredients sink to the very source of the Eczema. With every application the place looks healthier as the eruption dies down. It shrinks in size daily. Scaling stops, weeping dries up and new spotless skin appears and spreads until no trace of Eczema remains. Often, a single tin of Cuticura Ointment is sufficient to clear up a stubborn skin eruption of years standing.

Cuticura Ointment kills germs and repels them. It prevents septic poisoning and gathering and draws out inflammation.

A magical healer of Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Cuts, etc., and an ideal first-aid for Burns and Scalds.

★ Sufferers from Eczema should, in the bath and when washing, use only Cuticura Soap. Made especially for cleansing skin troubles, it is as mild and soothing as fresh dairy cream.

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

KILLS SEPTIC GERMS—DRAWS OUT POISONS

Kill Kidney Germs Restore Your Health

There is nothing that can make you feel older, more run-down or despairing of life than Kidney and Bladder Trouble, which is now known to be caused by Germs developed in your body during Colds, or from Bad Teeth or Tonsils, or during other infectious or bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines can't help much because they do not fight the true cause of your trouble and get rid of the health-destroying germs. Germs in Kidneys and Urinary System cause you to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and vitality destroying symptoms: Getting up Nights, Burning, Itching Passages, Uric Acid, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy and Appetite, etc.

Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers from these terrible troubles, there is now no need to suffer bad health or take dangerous drugs. Chemists are now able to supply the new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex fights and removes the underlying cause of your trouble in these 3 ways: 1. It kills and removes germs from the Kidneys and Urinary System; 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain; 2. It acts as a mild gentle tonic to the kidneys and helps them remove Uric Acid and other poisonous wastes from the blood.

Feel 10 Years Younger

Urinary System

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have already benefited from Cystex. Many of them cannot praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr. B. M. recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backaches, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism and a thoroughly run-down condition. My appetite was gone. I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I learned of Cystex and, although sceptical, decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 24-day treatment my health and vigour were completely restored. I could eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

8-day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to a thorough test. Simply get Cystex from your Chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy you in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that the complete twin-tablet treatment can do for you. The guarantee protects you.

HE WAS ASHAMED OF HIS THIN MALNOURISHED BODY!..

...But Now Well Nourished, He's Gained 30 lbs. And Feels Fine

Like Thousands of Others He Found "VIKELP" Quickest Way to Overcome Malnutrition (Lack of Vitamins, Minerals and Iodine), Build New Strength and Health.

Read his actual letter...

"Gentlemen: I had been skinny since childhood. Last September was my nineteenth birthday, so you see how long I have been skinny. Almost every Sunday kids in the neighbourhood would go swimming. I did not go with them. I suppose they knew why. I was ashamed of my skinny body. I was nervous too. Even when I went to picnics in the summer I was ashamed to have my sleeves rolled up like other fellows did. A few months ago I stepped on a pair of scales. I weighed about 8 st. 8 lbs. and me a young man going on twenty. I thought of the future—would I always be skinny? I had seen 'Vikelp' Tablets advertised in the papers and magazines so I bought a tin. I was really amazed how much I gained and how much better I felt. I bought 4 more tins. Over two months have passed. I have gained more than thirty pounds. You don't know how much better I feel and look and how thankful I am for what 'Vikelp' Tablets have done for me, so I am going to thank 'Vikelp' Tablets for what their sea minerals have done for me.—Yours truly, L. P. Curless."

(*Testimonial No. 5112*)

Just another case of how "Vikelp" got at the cause—malnutrition. 99 times out of 100 these dangerous underweight, run-down conditions are caused by malnourishment—lack of sufficient Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine in the system. "Vikelp," made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, not only contains all the vitally important Vitamins A, B1, B2, C, D and E, but is the world's richest source of all the essential Minerals (Marvels does, copper, calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, sulphur, potassium, manganese, etc.) and Food Iodine. With these precious elements you quickly normalise your glands, banish stomach troubles, build rich red blood, new energy, strength and add pounds of firm flesh, without drugs.

MAKE THIS "NO COST" TEST

If you are weak, run-down, nervous, malnourished, underweight, can't sleep, and if even lots of foods fail to build up your weight, strength and energy, try "Vikelp" Tablets for 10 days. If you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, have stronger nerves and add pounds of firm "stay there" flesh (if under weight) in the first 10 days the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. "Vikelp" costs but little. Obtainable everywhere.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Cut out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you, absolutely free, a fascinating 88-page book on How to Add Weight if needed—Banish Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism and Anæmia, Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B. 5/1, 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.1.

VIKELP MINERAL-VITAMIN DIET TREATMENT

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

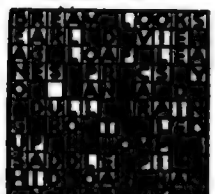
GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLEMIST" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £4 10 0 or 5/6 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5 11 0 Terms 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

X-WORD PENSION FORTUNE and "QUEEN MARY" TRIP to NEW YORK FOR TWO

£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE
£300
WIN "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT NEW 3-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE
OR SPLENDID LUMP SUM OF
£650 Cash
£100 BEFORE CHRISTMAS
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
Thrilling, unforgettable and health-giving holiday on the world's finest luxury liner—all at John Bull's expense!



CROSSWORD No. 105

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point SOUR and SPUR were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 20, Bedford St., W.C.2.

WINNING WORDS No. 105

ACROSS.—1. BREAM. 3. LOOKS. 6. EARL. 8. LOAF. 13. DULL. 15. BRAIN. 19. LEG. 21. ROMP. 22. RIB. 24. RAG. 25. ROD. 26. PET.

DOWN.—1. BEARD. 2. ALL. 4. OILS. 5. SWAY. 7. DARN. 9. OPAL. 10. SOUR or SPUR. 11. OAR. 12. DIE. 14. LORD. 16. ROB. 17. GUSH. 18. TREAD. 20. PAIR. 22. EAT.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, May 14, 1938.

2.—In addition to entries to value of 1s. 6d. on "John Bull" forms, each entrant may submit further entries totalling extra 2s. 6d., on forms taken from weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to Entry-fee of 4s.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 26. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, May 31, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £850 Cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 31.

IMPORTANT NEW PRIVILEGE FOR CROSSWORDERS—

SEE BULLETT PAGE

X-Word No. 105 Result.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 105, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see on left) were the following three competitors:—

Mrs. V. M. CAMPBELL,
4, Hertford House Estate, Bengeo, Hertford.

Mrs. M. A. ENGLISH,
South Heath, Gt. Missenden, Bucks.

Miss E. HEWSON,
Old Farm, Apperley, Gloucester.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £650, and a cheque for £216 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 10, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 30 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £3 6s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

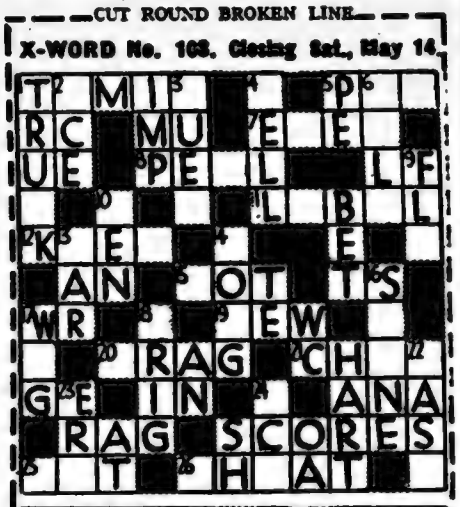
A useful Surprise Award for each of 321 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares below may be used for your entry—or you may use the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet as directed.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 108. Closing Sat., May 14



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose P.O. Value .....

No. .....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY CROSSWORD No. 108, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" X-Word No. 108. Closing Sat. MAY 14. STRICTLY COPYRIGHT

Study these Clues

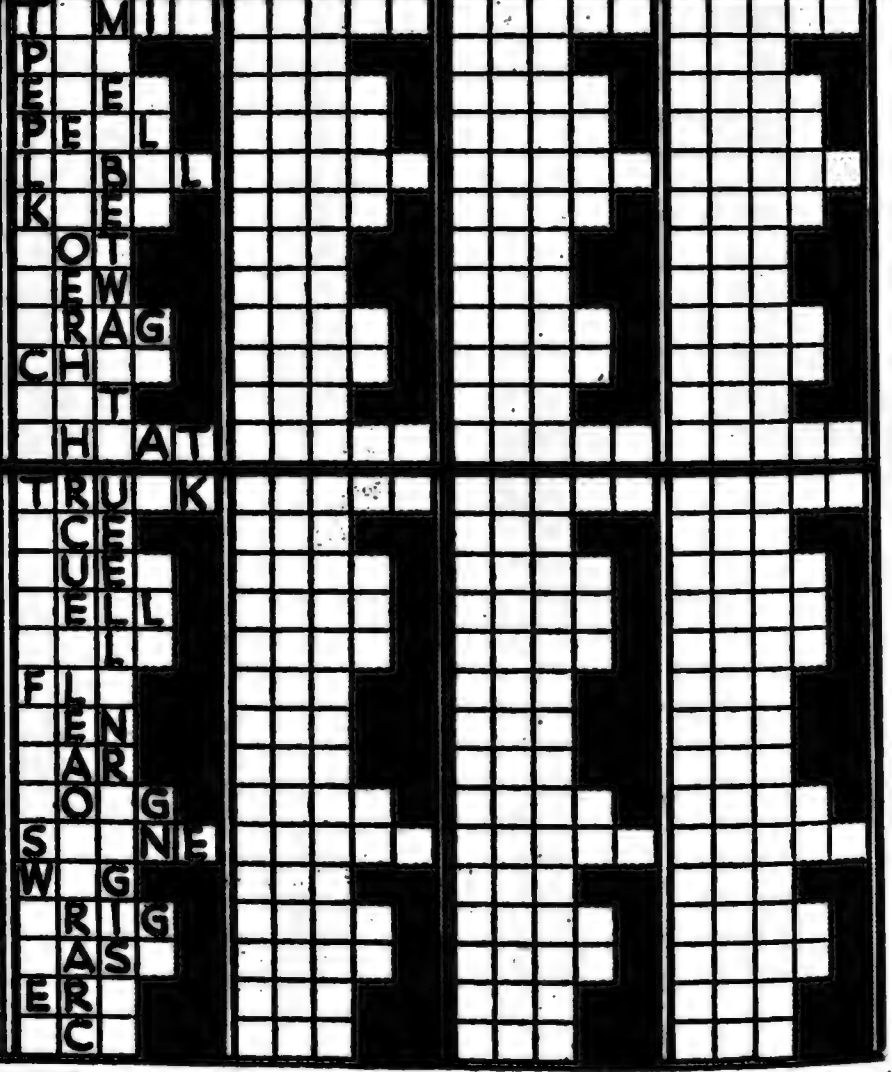
FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE | FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE

ACROSS

1. Faint-hearted
5. One is sometimes chased
7. Wife's sudden cease may cause young husband concern
8. Great care is necessary to avoid slipping up on this
11. Pushing is often the best method of dealing with this
12. Load often makes one
15. Housewife sometimes has this of marmalade in pantry
19. Fresh
20. One's likely to be annoyed when caught by this
21. Stylish beginning of chicken
22. One doesn't want to do this much when very exhausted
23. Gamblers are occasionally caught by

DOWN

1. Porter sometimes finds it convenient to carry one on trunk
2. Frozen water
3. Person taking part in one is sometimes carried away
4. Ringing one is sometimes heard
6. Land surrounded by water
9. Roses soon fade through ravages of this
10. Usually supplied with ink
12. One hears with this
14. One seldom hears a good one on stage
16. There's trouble when one breaks out
17. Comedian is likely to cause amusement when he takes one off
18. There's not much resemblance between one and a dandy
22. Cashier fetches wages from bank in
23. End of opera in camera
24. There is often big demand for.



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at those points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 108 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose

P.O. Value..... Signed.....

No..... Address .....

.....

10,000,000 CYCLISTS

are demanding a square deal!

AN enquiry affecting 10,000,000 cyclists, which has just been made by the National Committee on Cycling, reveals an astonishing fact.

One hundred and twenty-six cities and county boroughs were asked what facilities they offer for parking cycles.

No fewer than ninety-four of them admitted they have no such facilities!

Just consider this.

It is one example of how this great pastime—the most popular in Britain—is being not only neglected, but subtly attacked.

Cyclists are being attacked, both openly and secretly, by all kinds of public and private interests. But now they are fighting back—and winning.

The Cyclists' Touring Club estimates that there are now 10,000,000 machines on the roads of the United Kingdom.

It is a conservative estimate. Manufacturers are selling 2,000,000 new cycles every year; 250,000 more took the roads last Easter alone.

And in spite of these huge figures, the number of cycling accidents in Britain is *not* increasing, though the public is often told otherwise.

CYCLISTS—*British Isles has 10,000,000*

Cyclists can regard honest enemies without bitterness.

If they thought that all those who strive to restrict them were sincerely adopting such methods to reduce the terrifying toll of the roads, cyclists would willingly give them credit for their sincerity.

If it could be demonstrated to cyclists that any suggested legislation would truly increase the safety of themselves and other road users, they would gladly welcome such legislation.

Unfortunately, the real motive for interference is not public service, but selfishness.

★ ★ ★

We accuse motoring organisations of insincerity in their declarations that they favour certain restrictions on cyclists in the cyclists' own interests. We do not believe it it true.

Are not those who air such views simply seeking to gain favour with certain sections of their organisations?

Are they not pandering to drivers who are nervous of the cyclist because they have never been cyclists themselves, or are they seeking the support of selfish drivers who, aiming at very high speeds, want the whole road to themselves?

"Where shall we go?" . . . Off the road, if many intolerant officials had their way. But these boys should worry; 2,000,000 more cycles are being turned out every year

The great majority of members are reasonable motorists who have no wish to restrict the cyclist unfairly. They do not hold the views of some of their officials.

And now about those cycle paths.

Our road surveyors and highway authorities shout about laying these down and compelling cyclists to use them to ensure greater safety.

Of course, by such a make-shift method they save money in road reconstruction.

★ ★ ★

It is cheaper to build these paths than to add their width and that of the separating verge to the highway itself.

The real solution is to widen the road enough to carry all the traffic in comfort and thereby reduce the accident risks.

These cycle paths are merely playing with the problem. They are the easy way out.

MOTORISTS *on our roads number 1,250,000*

Cyclists will also fight strongly against registration.

Recently Mr. H. A. Tripp, Deputy Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, told the House of Lords Select Committee that "registration and licensing of cyclists would result in a reduction of cycle accidents."

He was promptly challenged to say how, but he has not replied.

We wish he could be persuaded to tell us if the registration of cars has caused a reduction in the number of motoring accidents. and how!

One chief constable, in an after-dinner speech, thought fit to say: "Cyclists are an infernal nuisance to motorists, and I think they should be licensed."

Most helpful and understanding—we don't think!

★ ★ ★

News-reels have also joined the campaign against cycling.

Films have been shown in many cinemas—and have also been widely used in clubs by the Central Conservative Office—purporting to show that accidents to cyclists are due largely to their not using the few cycle paths provided.

This argument is fantastic. Actually 75 per cent. of accidents involving cyclists occur at cross-roads, where paths are impracticable.

Cyclists are subjected to numerous other pin-pricks.

The B.B.C. has done its share.

The news bulletins of Easter Monday last year included a statement—*by a member of the Automobile Association*—that cyclists were the worst behaved in the holiday traffic.

RAMBLERS—*No official figures, but estimate is 9,000,000*

And the B.B.C. announced last August a discussion on "Is the Cyclist a Public Nuisance?"

The Cyclists' Touring Club promptly protested, and the title was changed.

Britain's cyclists demand a square deal. And they are going to get it.

After the flood

FLOODS in Fenland. There was one the other day, grim reminder of the first and worst of them.

That occurred thirteen hundred years ago, when there was a terrible earthquake.

Man has pushed back the sea since then.

That he hasn't tamed it, however, is the subject of constant reminders like the recent Fen flood.

Here is a picture of such a flood as seen by a Cambridgeshire villager.

Water swirling through his door and oozing through the floor-boards set him working in desperation to move his furniture to safety.

It was well above his knees when the last article of furniture had been hauled to the upper floor.

He wrote to JOHN BULL about it, remembering that he had once signed a form to secure the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme.

Without a quibble, we sent a cheque in respect of the damage to his household effects.

How would you fare in such a crisis—in many crises in which JOHN BULL'S free family insurance scheme offers to stand by you?

Sign that form—there isn't a penny to pay—and you can lean on JOHN BULL.

That form is on page 18. Act now.

Special Pools Service

(by "Poolex")

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, May 7, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

80 Bristol C. v. Notts Co.	37 Watford v. Crystal P.	20 Reading v. Gillingham.
70 Arsenal v. Bolton.	33 Aston V. v. Norwich.	19 Chesterfield v. West Ham.
56 Q.P.R. v. Torquay.	31 Leicester v. Birmingham.	18 Barnsley v. Notts F.
49 Everton v. Derby.	28 Clapton O. v. Southend.	17 Luton v. Newcastle.
44 Newport v. Walsall.	28 Barrow v. Lincoln.	15 Portsmouth v. Leeds.
43 Plymouth v. S'thampton.	25 Tottenham v. Sheff. W.	14 Bradford v. Swansea.
42 Fulham v. Blackburn.	24 Northampton v. Cardiff.	13 N. Brighton v. Port Vale.
38 Manchester U. v. Bury.	21 Doncaster v. Tranmere.	12 Chester v. Accrington.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Rochdale v. Halifax.	4	Aldershot v. Swindon.	24	York v. Southport.	45
Bournemouth v. Bristol R.	11	Stoke v. Liverpool.	25	Exeter v. Millwall.	49
Gateshead v. Darlington.	17	Carlisle v. Rotherham.	27	Sunderland v. Wolves.	50
Huddersfield v. Man. C.	21	Oldham v. Bradford C.	28	Stockport v. Coventry.	52
Charlton v. Preston.	22	Grimsby v. Chelsea.	36	Hull v. Crewe.	57
Hartlepools v. Wrexham.	23	Middlesbrough v. W.B.A.	41	Mansfield v. Brighton	60

I DON'T WORRY

ABOUT BACKACHE URINARY DISORDERS RHEUMATIC TWINGES or other signs of SLUGGISH KIDNEYS

Why Should you?

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills always keep me fit. They wake up lazy kidneys and stop the torment due to impure blood, sharp or nagging backache, bladder troubles, stiff aching muscles and joints, dizziness, headaches and depression. Take my advice! If a cold or chill causes your kidneys to become congested, don't wait to be laid up with rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica or renal dropsy, but take Doans Pills. Then, like me, you will laugh at kidney ailments.

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Get Rid of PILES

New Approved Method

There's a simple remedy for Piles—the Germoloid treatment—which astonishes every sufferer with its immediate relief and the steady, continuous improvement it brings about. Inserted at night, Germoloids gradually melt, ensuring the most thorough, lasting and intimate kind of medication, without the slightest inconvenience.

Their astringent properties quickly shrink swollen tissues and check bleeding, whilst other medicaments stop agonising pain and overcome tenderness by covering inflamed surfaces with a protective coating.

Germoloids also help to prevent constipation by their lubricative action and by preventing absorption of moisture. They are inexpensive, hygienic and antiseptic, and they never fail. Use one each night until cured, then one each week to keep free from attacks.

Germoloids

FROM CHEMISTS—1/3 per box of 12.

(For External Piles, use also Germolene brand Ointment, in conjunction with Germoloids.)

SCIATICA

Crippled sufferer astonished friends.

This news will probably be instrumental in releasing you also from the torments of Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, or any other form of Rheumatism that enslaves you. It is a big thing to claim, but read what happened in the case of Mr. J. P., of Radford, Notts!

"I suffered with Sciatica and was not able to walk for 20 weeks with pains in my back and legs. Nothing had done me any good, but thank goodness I found a friend who was taking Fynnon Salt and asked me to buy a tin. I did, and after the first tin the effect was wonderful. I got up and went for a walk and felt myself again. My friends were all surprised to see me out, and I told them it was Fynnon Salt that put me right. I bless the day I obtained the first tin."

What is this remarkable remedy, one tin of which was enough to put a crippled man on his feet? Simply a combination of the curative elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, found in the waters of world-famous Spas! Fynnon Salt is a prolonged Spa Treatment which destroys all Rheumatic conditions, root and branch. Take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water daily and regain your youthful health and suppleness. Large tins 1/3.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.—even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* —But it must be KEATINGS

Cartels 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

HOW TO TREAT A STOMACH PAIN

When your stomach is healthy and well, you never think of its existence. But when it is out of sorts for any reason you know all about it. Pain sets in—sometimes very severe, nagging pain.

What are you to do? You certainly must do something. In nine cases out of ten the remedy is simple enough—a dose or two of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. You must have read of case after case, many of them much worse than yours, where blessed relief has come almost in a twinkling. Flatulence, heartburn, dyspepsia, even gastric and duodenal ulcers, have had to yield to the soothing and healing properties of this modern miracle worker.

It will be strange indeed if your pain does not disappear as all the others have done. Anyway, you can confidently turn to MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder—you can easily tell it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is genuine only when this signature is on bottle and carton. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-; also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

Serious OPERATION ordered for PILES

TORTURED for years with painful piles. Mrs. G. could get no relief. "I attended ——— Hospital," she writes, "and then St. ——— Hospital for operation, but I suffered agonies after. Doctor wanted me to have yet another operation but I objected; I tried 'Nemolin' . . . it was the *only* thing to give me relief. I've tried ointments from Hospital, but nothing relieves like 'Nemolin.'"

Why go on suffering the torture of itching or bleeding piles? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- a tube—relief is guaranteed or money refunded.

The Editor Laughs Last

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

BUILDER (Clitheroe).—"The stupid fanaticism about the so-called beautiful countryside is gradually disappearing." So is the beautiful countryside.

D. M. (Exeter).—"Our tennis club is devoid of all snobbery and self-assertiveness." But surely the balls have a certain amount of bounce?

N. H. (Goole).—"I am growing a wide variety of vegetables in my garden this year." We're cultivating some broad beans, too.

M. P. (Cowes).—"There is something about a holiday cruise in a small yacht that gets one." Yes, usually the boom in the back of the neck.

M. D. (Chesterfield).—"The average restaurant diner eats far too much, and he will pay for it in the long run." The waiter sees to that.

Dad . . .

Exposed

by Maz

J. J. (Watford).—"The dentist joked with me before the extraction." So he pulled your leg as well, eh?

M. G. (Hendon).—"The burglar that broke into my house left a note behind." To say how many he had taken?

L. S. (Lewes).—"Few women can pick their own friends successfully." But they can all pick them to pieces!

W. A. (Clacton).—"A thousand years is as nothing to a geologist." Heavens! We loaned one a fiver recently!

P. M. (Newquay).—"What do you think a fisherman gets after being out all night?" Tired.

T. N. (Clapham).—"After all, what does a man lose by lending a friend a pound or two occasionally?" A pound or two occasionally.

N. S. (Milnthorpe).—"When he proposed to me, he didn't go down on his knees in the old fashion." Perhaps you were on them?

DECORATOR (Framlingham).—"When painting the outside of your house, be sure to put on three coats." But suppose the weather is very mild?

* * *

F. G. (Windsor).—"The man who can boast of a really perfect house does not exist." Apparently you've never met a house agent.

E. W. (Worthing).—"I was at a dance when my butcher came up to me and asked for settlement of his account." You were caught on the hop.

D. B. (St. Albans).—"I warned him that the floor of the cottage wouldn't hold a grand piano, and I was right." So the whole thing fell through.

E. N. (Sudbury).—"When you see a swallow skimming a few inches above a river it is a sign it is going to be wet." But surely not if it manages to keep a few inches above the water?

W. J. (Callington).—"I dined at a place where I was made most uncomfortable on leaving because the waiter looked at me as if I hadn't paid." And you looked at him as if you had?

R. R. (Derry).—"He found fault with the end of the story I'd written, but I couldn't see anything wrong with it." Perhaps it was too far from the beginning.

S. B. (Edgware).—"It is important to keep the greenhouse well ventilated." The opening of the juvenile cricket season in the garden next door will ensure this.

PRO. (Leeds).—"I shall be glad when the billiards season is over, so that I can get away from the table for a while." You want a break.

* * *

A. L. G. (Hampstead).—"They have often invited me to their parties, knowing my ability as a cocktail-shaker, but each time I have declined." You won't mix with them, eh?

GAMEKEEPER (Colchester).—"Rabbits will sometimes bite their way through a net." It is only the star players, of course, who jump over it to shake hands with their opponents.

Mrs. C. C. (Mortlake).—"When I tell you that she started life as a poor Lancashire girl, you will appreciate to the full how great her triumph has been despite bitter experience." She's been through the mill.

M. P. (Worcester).—"The girl's hysterics caused a commotion in our office. What would you do if a lady on your staff had hysterics?" Send her up to the composing room.

EXPLORER (Liverpool).—"When I was in the Arctic regions I noticed that the Eskimos never had domestic squabbles." Too cold for words, eh?

* * *

M. E. (Bilston).—"If I addressed a letter to the silliest man in England and put it in the pillar-box, who would receive it?" It would be returned to the sender.

D. R. (Sherwood).—"Brushing the hair vigorously with a stiff brush will sometimes induce sleep." An alternative method is to bang vigorously on the wall with the brush until the neighbours turn the radio off.

"I've found a pot of gold coins under the floorboards!" "We'll have to inform the police—it's treasure trove." (From "The Passing Show.")

"Bullets" Illustrated
To Capture Trade—and Husband.
Auntie's Cafe!

G. B. (Harrow).—"Once planted, flower and vegetable seeds should not be disturbed." But cats don't know this.

N. P. (Kew).—"It makes me really annoyed to hear of people discarding their heavy underwear before May is out." All right. Keep your wool on.

D. L. (Boston).—"Two health hints for the summer are to swim regularly and drink plenty of water." Not together, of course.

R. S. B. (Brighton).—"We ought to spend more on advertising Britain." Well, a little matter of £10,000,000 is being spent on the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow; if you want to see it free, see opposite page.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from current Press are welcomed. Actual cutting must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL:—"... an impressive SCONE was witnessed when the ploughmen stood silently by their horses . . ."

SUNDAY EXPRESS:—"So start taking these pills now. Of all CHEMISES . . ."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH:—"A record for British gliding was set up . . . by members of the Derbyshire and Lancashire Gliding Club in the teeth of a GALA."

THE NORTHERN ECHO:—"There is no suggestion of putting what are called synthetic bells—gramophone or loud-speakers—in church TOWELS? . . ."

MIDDLESEX COUNTY TIMES:—"The bridegroom's gift to her was a natural silver FOX FUR."

TOUR THE EMPIRE IN ONE WEEK-END!

FINE 'BULLETS' FIRST

£300 Cash

PLUS EMPIRE TOUR FOR TWO

Your Luxury Trip for TWO!

As First, Second or Third Prize-Winner, you and your chosen companion travel to Glasgow any Friday this summer for a Saturday Grand Tour of the magnificent Empire Exhibition—and a Sunday Tour of Scottish scenery, returning Sunday evening or Monday as desired. All fares, hotel accommodation, meals and tickets provided. (Holiday Cheque can be substituted if preferred.)

2ND PRIZE £50 + EMPIRE TOUR

3RD PRIZE £25 + EMPIRE TOUR

1120

£100 OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE

£10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 10 @ £3

25 of 10s. 200 of 2/6

6,000 MYSTERY PRIZES

One week only SAT. MAY 14

SEE THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH FREE!

ALL roads lead to Glasgow now that His Majesty the King has declared open Scotland's great Empire Exhibition. As the result of this week's fine *Bullets* Offer, you and a chosen companion can travel there in luxury as JOHN BULL's guests, your pockets bulging with cash from Long Acre!

In this, the greatest Exhibition held anywhere in the world since Wembley, Scotland is condensing a quarter of the earth's surface within the space of 175 acres and displaying not only the art, culture and products of the Empire, but also the way in which its scattered millions live and think. Here in lovely Bellahouston Park is a city on a hill, crowned by a Tower of Empire, with over 100 palaces and pavilions. As one of this Contest's chief winners, you and your companion can spend all of one unforgettable Saturday exploring the marvels of the Exhibition; on Sunday you can enjoy a carefully planned tour of the surrounding country, whose scenery is so varied in its grandeur that it is famous throughout the world. You have only a few days in which to win one of these magnificent 2-in-1 prizes, so start on the *Examples* now!

'BULLETS' 1,116 RESULT

First Prize, £350 Cash:

S. C. BIRD, 76, Gordon Avenue, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.

Example: FOUNTAIN OF WISDOM
Bullet: AND "SINK," OLDEST INHABITANT!

SECOND PRIZE £50:

D. LLOYD, 149, Heolgerrig, Merthyr Tydfil.
Example: Average Man
Bullet: Fair Player—Square Worker.

THIRD PRIZE £25:

A. DALRYMPLE, 9, Wood Street, Glasgow.
Example: Uproar In The House
Bullet: Then Sonny's "Sitting Adjourned."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: Mrs. A. MOORES, 129, Putney Bridge Road, Putney, S.W.
Back To Sanity—Were To-morrow "Under Observation."

£9: F. J. ARNOLD, 72, Admaston Road, Plumstead, S.E.
Average Man—Charitable—Chary Accepting Charity.

£8: Mrs. A. FOX, 340, Waterloo Road, Blackpool.
Seeing The Red Light—Britain, Behind Hitler's "Halo."

£7: J. MOFFAT, 132, Patison Street, Birkenhead.
Lion v. Wolf—Lodger And Dad, Dining!

£6: R. H. KELLEY, 62, Corporation Avenue, Llanelly.
Fountain Of Wisdom—Council—But Village Waterless!

£5: H. SOUTHERN, 92, Hornby Street, Wigan, Lancs.
If I'd A Yacht—"Keep Passing Pier, John!"

£4: J. HOARE, 324, High Street, Felixstowe.
What Fascism Means—Being Enslaved To "Liberator."

5 OF £3 EACH:

Mrs. E. COLLETT, 64, High Street, Daventry.
Fountain Of Wisdom—And Henpeck's "Extinguisher," Too!

M. FLUDE, Oberiton, Kirkby Road, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.
With A Withering Look—"Weed-killer? *Hoe*, Henry!"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Rev. E. GAYE, Sheyton Rectory, Swanton Abbot, Norwich.
Time To Help—Now *Parents* Are "Toddling."

J. HUNT, Brunswick House, Paddock Wood, Kent.
Fountain Of Wisdom—"Flood-lighting" Himself, *Not* Admired.

J. W. LEIGH, 9, Strathaird Avenue, Walney, Barrow-in-Furness.
If I'd A Yacht—Wishing "Sea Legs" Legacy.

HOW TO WIN

AFTER making rough notes of all the ideas suggested by a few *Examples* from the list provided, set out to compress and improve each of these first jottings to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, GOOD PLACE, you had scribbled *Reached By Working Hard*. With a few minutes' thought you could produce from this the typical *Bullet*, GOOD PLACE—"DRIVE" USUALLY "LEADS TO."

To help you further, study the leading *Bullets* in Contest No. 1,116 on this page and then start on your own efforts without delay, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, May 14.

SAVE 2½d.—

New Service for Readers

With your *Bullet* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to "John Bull," address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,120, and Crossword No. 108, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

5 OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. BLACK, 57, Portugal Street, Glasgow.
When Auntie Went Abroad—Only *Gangway* "Broke Down"!

W. KIDD, 58, Wensley Drive, Leeds.
What Fascism Means—Grandpa Knows—Had It!

Mrs. D. MACKIE, 11, Plowman Street, Rugby.
Carried Away — Cyclist — Arms Still "Folded."

A. D. POWELL, 7, Highfield, Ferndale, Glam.
With A Withering Look—Camel, Yet "Reservoir" Inside.

S. SEROOMBE, Llwyndedw, Neath.
Average Man—Fears Dole—"Fold's" Dear

A list of 25 10s. and 200 Double Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices. The original cheque for £1,500 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,116 will be displayed in the window of Mr. R. W. Watson, 103, Chamberlayne Road, London, N.W.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

WORLD OF PLENTY
TO PROTECT THE YOUNG
MAKES A NATION
GENEVA'S EXHIBITION
TIME WAITS FOR NOBODY, SO
IN EUROPE'S DRAMA
LIFE'S A PICNIC WHEN
DAD WENT TO THE DERBY AND
BECAUSE SHE'S BEAUTIFUL
SPOILT CHILD
IN A FIT OF TEMPER
TRAMPS
FOR DEAR LIFE
OMINOUS CRACK
IN A PANIC
GOOD PLACE
DOESN'T SHOW
CRANKS
TO MOTHER
WHEN GRANDPA CELEBRATED
FOR THE BRAVE
WHAT SHE HEARD
ANOTHER HOUR
"YOU TRY IT!"
ABOVE OUR HEADS
SAVED AUNTIE
OUT IN THE OPEN
COMES FIRST
PERHAPS
MOST MYSTERIOUS
PESSIMISTS CROAK, BUT
TO SPEED UP PRODUCTION

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

(1,120) | P.O. No ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., May 14. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION SATURDAY, MAY 14.

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

(1,120) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., May 14. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1,120 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose two or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,120 all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE as privilege of JOHN BULL readership.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,120 usually purchase "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,120, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

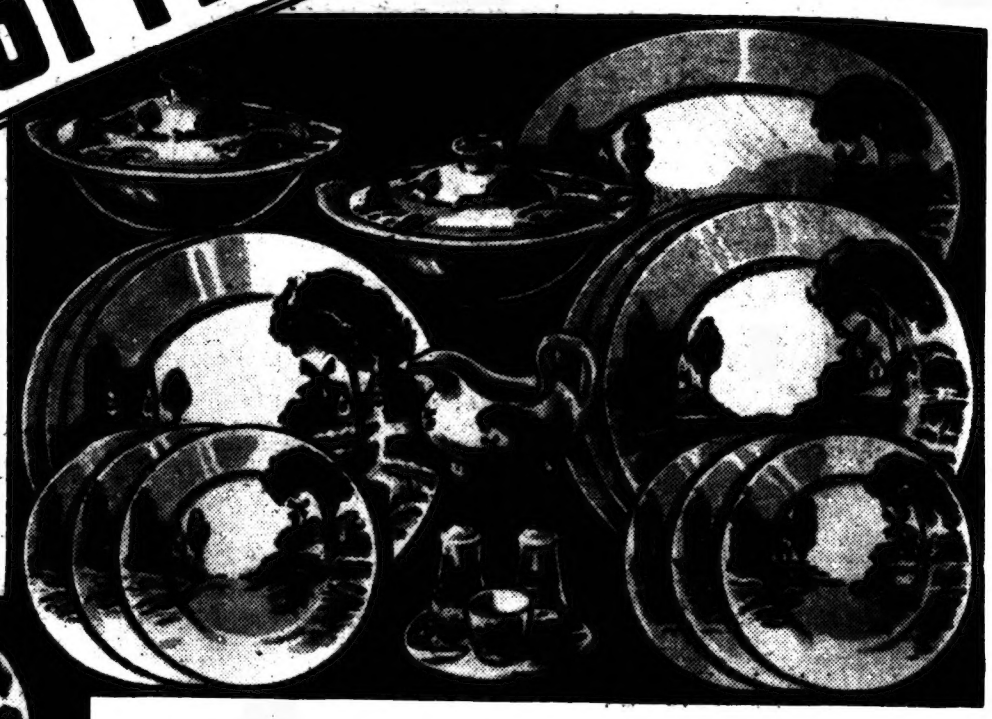
ALL PIECES SHOWN HERE
for **18/11**

No. D5C/7500

3/- DOWN WITH COUPON BRINGS 61-PIECE BARGAIN SET

3/- DOWN
AND 3/- A MONTH

MONEY BACK *Guarantee*



7 PIECE FRUIT SET
22 PIECE DINNER SET
32 PIECE TEA SET
IN ALL 61 PIECES FOR ONLY 18/11

DESCRIPTION OF SETS

You are bound to be highly pleased with these lovely Sets and the extraordinary value. ALL THREE SETS—61 pieces—at a price that is hardly believable.

A beautiful dark blue decoration on white in the well-known "Abbey Mill" pattern. A colour and pattern that looks bright and delightful on a white cloth.

British made, of course, so that you know the quality is right. Heavily glazed, and a non-fade pattern. You can be proud of your table at a trifling cost of 3/- a month. Do not deprive yourself of this new Set for one day longer, but make your order out right now while it is in your mind.

SAVE 10/- by DIRECT MAIL

We are modest in our claim when we say that our price saves you 10/-. See the prices of 61-piece Sets asked by big cash stores, or any other dealers. You will soon learn what a genuine bargain we are offering. Complete service for six people . . . at just about the price you would expect to pay for the Tea Set alone. You will rarely find so complete and attractive a Set at less than 30/- to 40/-.

No Charge for Credit

MW VALUE

PIN 3/- P.O. TO COUPON

Send for
BIG FREE SPRING
CATALOGUE—*Now Ready*

MARSHALL WARD LTD

WEMBLEY • LONDON

To MARSHALL WARD Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) Wembley, London.

I enclose 3/- for the Bargain 61-piece Service No. D5C/7500, to be sent to me "On Approval." If I return the Set, you are to refund my 3/- and also the cost of return charges. Otherwise, I will pay 3/- each month until your Special Price of 18/11 plus 1/9 carriage is paid.

Name { Husband.....
(*State first and last names in full.*)
Wife.....
(*If unmarried please state age*.....) }

Address .....

Town..... County.....

Occupation .....

Have you bought from us before?.....48
(16) 7/5/38. *This offer applies only in England, Scotland & Wales.*

J.B.L.18 5★

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B122 A283 J.B. 7-5-38